



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 26 – Number 8

December 2008

Special Features This Issue

“The Quest for Speed”
“The Pleasant Beach Wooden Boat Show”
“Hobnobbing with the *Queen*”
“Why the Adirondack Guideboat Wins Races”



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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 26 – Number 8
December 2008



US subscription price is \$32 for one year.
Canadian / overseas subscription prices are
available upon request
Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906
There is no machine
Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks
Production and subscription
fulfillment is by Roberta Freeman
For circulation or production inquiries or
problems, contact:
Roberta Freeman at
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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



"Quest for Speed" is the defining term adopted by those who hanker to go really fast on the water and want to do so in the older boats of yesteryear, boats that have an aura of "traditional" about them. In August Jane and I attended the Raceboat Regatta at the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York, to see if we could capture the essence of the experience. Given my past history in motor sports I was predisposed to like what I saw and heard there and we were not disappointed. At one point, as we sat in the bleachers while the boats roared past a hundred feet off the waterfront at 60+ miles per hour, we agreed that it was great to be back at the races.

Well, how to explain that I can still find such excitement and enthusiasm for speed after 25 years of turning out this magazine devoted mainly to more sedate forms of propulsion afloat? When I launched *MAIB* with its content devoted to rowing, paddling, and sailing (maybe a few antique motor and steam powered boats) I was asked by those who knew about my past how come I chose such boating for myself and my third magazine venture after so many years of motor sport?

It was that issue of "speed," or more specifically the lack of it, in motor boating. After years of racing and riding at speeds in the environments in which I participated, ranging from walking pace up to 100+mph, the notion of "speed" in boats fell short of intriguing me. Boats simply did not seem fast to me. They were pokey. Yes, an illusion existed at 35mph on the water in a "speedboat" of going fast, but not to someone used to going really fast. Dropping back to human and wind powered speeds ranging from that walking pace up to speeds peaking around 10-15mph under sail offered a whole new range of experience and I was not disappointed in this change of pace.

Attending the Raceboat Regatta was like dropping back in time to my racing days, albeit now only as a spectator. Watching the boats go past at 60+mph was not unlike spectating at a half-mile oval dirt track race where we would average close to 60mph lap speeds (depending on the track surface and layout), hitting 80+ at the end of the front and back straights and dropping back to under 50 through the turns by laying the bike over and powersliding with the rear wheel hung out pushing the bike in towards the inside rail so as not to run off the track in a tangent. These boats at Clayton were doing a similar thing around a triangular course and I could feel what it was like. Those old moves are still in my memory banks even if I no longer can exercise them.

I also found the guys who were driving the boats to be kindred spirits. Very open and enthused about their boats and motors. Many had brief histories displayed on placards of their boats and sometimes their own bygone days of glory. Most were middle aged or older, the younger guys were off racing in today's real world of high speed motor boat racing. The vintage boats and the vintage guys owning and racing them were a nice fit with my own memories of the days when we did all our own work on bikes and motors. These guys loved to get their hands greasy working on engines that still lend themselves to "tuning" without all of today's electronic computerized engine management systems. We spoke the same language based on similar backgrounds. Any of you who still work on your own car or boat engines understand this, I think.

So you will find quite a lot all in one dose on this topic in this issue. I have supplemented my report with a couple of excerpts from a 1905 issue of *The Rudder* (a leading yachting publication of that era) about the appeal of the newly arrived "speed launches." The "quest for speed" has a long history in human endeavors. Riding on horseback provided a quantum gain in speed over walking. The steam trains greatly sped up public transport over horse-drawn carriages. The early automobiles did the same on a personal level. And many who enjoyed boating in that time soon adapted this power to their boating.

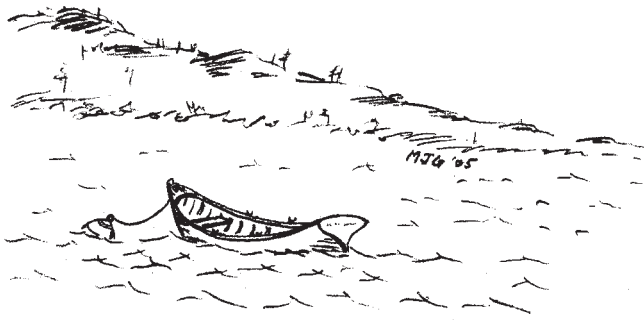
I still contemplate how it is today for those of us who row, paddle, or sail. While we enjoy poking along afloat at very modest speeds, it sometimes develops that when several boats of similar type meet an unspoken contest develops over which has the fastest. There's that speed thing again. And many of us get to our boats in the water, or carry them to the water, at 65mph on highways without giving that a thought.

Having indulged myself in this nostalgia trip at some length in this issue, I have no intentions of pursuing it further. Yesterday (October 31) I enjoyed my last paddle of the year with friend Charlie on the remote quiet waters of the Tully River in central Massachusetts. No speed was involved, we lingered along savoring the hard to find (in Massachusetts) unspoiled natural surroundings. We decided it was the season wrap-up as we broke some skim ice in a shaded cove where the river opened out into Long Pond. The egrets, large blue and small green, were gone south. The turtles and frogs had headed into the river bottom mud. And the beavers, alongside whose house we ate lunch by their dam, had been piling up branches for winter feeding.

On the Cover...

Those are vintage raceboats on the cover at speed last August at the Antique Boat Museum's bi-annual Raceboat Regatta in Clayton, New York. The last time we fea-

tured this way of messing about in boats was in the fall of 1987 when we covered a similar event there. There's quite a lot about this "Quest for Speed" featured in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Rain and rain and then again, more rain. Day after day. At times it lets up just enough to begin some outdoor project for a couple of hours but humidity precludes painting or varnishing. This being two-thirds of our business at this time of year, wet weather sets us aback. Fortunately another Petrel has wandered into our shop, begging to come in out of the rain and have her bright work sanded.

So I've clambered about and shared some energy with her. I know John Ruskin would never have approved of my treating her as a sentient being but then, to my knowledge, he never owned a boat. A brilliant man and contentious, but he never felt the sea beneath his feet, at least not on a craft small enough to inspire intimacy. Nor had he ever a live-limbed tiller in his grasp on a fine reach on a lovely morn with a fresh breeze and all the involutions of this mad and oppressive world left behind.

My forward hatch has arrived at last. Should the weather relent I'll motor MoonWind into a slip and install the hatch this weekend. Just now they forecast ten feet of rain per hour for the next ten days. Simply owning a boat may make all the difference, as Grampy Noah found to his great relief. Following this deluge I shall sail over the housetops in downtown Mystic en route to the Rocky Mountains. Tracking the seagulls should eventually bring me to the tidal flats around Denver.

Perhaps I can open a chandlery there or teach folks how to eat lobster. How many generations before Denveronians learn the subtle difference between port and starboard? How long before the sight of mariners garbed in rubber boots and oilskins doesn't send them into paroxysms of mirth? Even in the Ocean State, Rhode Island, not everyone knows a halibut from a halyard. Odd that in a state comprised of salt water.

Still the rain continues. Every couple of days I bail my Whitehall lest there be more water within than without. If only the temperature would edge up farther past 50 it wouldn't oppress so much. May notwithstanding, I could delight in sitting by a cheery log fire with a nourishing book and The Pusslet curled beside me. This isn't Pusslet weather. She should appreciate not having responsibilities or needing to go anywhere. Would I could claim as much. Or perhaps, as little. One of these days, the lattermost, I shan't have any responsibilities, ever. Nor wind in my sails, nor bearings to take, nor weather to contend with.

For now, at least, this sodden day offers objectives. The most pleasing, so far, to settle in and communicate a bit of myself, though never all, to this most commiserative page. Every year I find myself drawn irresistibly to the water. Every spring the allure of gardening wanes. Every summer, travel via anything save a boat appears absurd. Every autumn the leaves are welcome to pile against my house. And one of these winters I'll simply refuse to settle in by the fire.

Sailing and writing are what I most enjoy. The years flit by and my grey hair grows ever whiter. The time to procrastinate has expired. I need to control the remains of my life. I need to relinquish my diletante proclivities and commit myself to living. This year I mean to do some serious sailing. This year I mean to publish my very first book. In less than a year I'll have my 60th birthday. I've run out of reasons for doing and not doing. The weeks, the months, go by with alarming rapidity. People I know my age have been dead for years. This mundane world has no claims at all... What's that? ...Now?

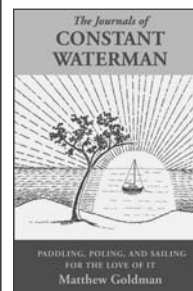
The Pusslet has come to tell me it's time to make supper.

*Something else to
read at anchor...*

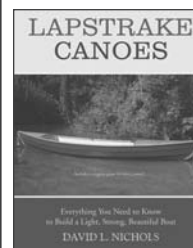
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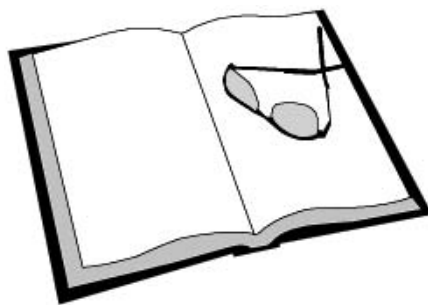
So what do you do when your life hits a dead end or is turned upside down or the pull toward the sea is so strong that you have to say "no!" in order to say "yes!"

Nancy Lord grew up in New Hampshire and felt that the Granite State was too small and confining, so after college she and her partner Ken left the continental United States and drove a pickup truck to Alaska hoping to shape a life fishing for salmon.

Gwen Bounds wrote feature articles for the *Wall Street Journal* and lived two blocks from the World Trade Center until September 11, 2001. She couldn't return to her apartment, which was condemned for a year, or to the Manhattan offices of the *Wall Street Journal*, which had to be moved to New Jersey. Some friends invited her and her partner to visit the small village of Garrison, located upriver on the Hudson. That first afternoon she walked down to the waterfront and had a beer at Guinan's Pub. That's all it took. One beer. Her life veered off into a surprising direction.

Mary South had just moved to Pennsylvania to start a new job at the offices of a major magazine. Within months she knew she had the wrong job and the wrong partner. So she sold her house, quit the job, and broke up with her partner. Days later she was on I-95 heading south for Florida where she had signed up at the Chapman School of Seamanship. With little experience on the water she purchased a 40' 30-ton tug. Somehow she navigated the tug up the Intracoastal Waterway to Stuart, Florida, where her adventure begins.

These authors, searching for new lives, find community in the most unlikely places. Nancy Lord flies in on a floatplane to her cabin along Cook Inlet where she and Ken spend the summer netting salmon, observing the tides, and working on their fishing dories. While picking blueberries they keep a close watch on bears. They are alone except for the occasional friend or family member who flies in for a few days.



Book Review

Women On Water

Fish Camp

By Nancy Lord

Counterpoint Books, Washington DC 2000

Little Chapel on the River

By Gwendolyn Bounds

Harper, New York City, 2006

The Cure for Anything is Salt Water

By Mary South

Harper Collins, New York City, 2007

Reviews by McCabe Coolidge

Nancy Lord writes about the history of her place, the Native American Indians who live in the area, the flora, the diminishing salmon catch, and the day-to-day discoveries along the shore by their summer cottage.

Gwen Bounds writes about the family who runs the pub and those who come to drink beer, brag, cry, bury their friends, and sing on

Irish Night. She tells the history of how the owner, Jim Guinan, kept a rowboat in front of the pub for tardy West Point Cadets sneaking back across the river after midnight. Gwen gradually worked her way into the community of Guinan's Pub (drinking Coors beer, much to the dismay of the hardcore Schafer fans) and after a year she landed a part-time job working as a bartender. The *Wall Street Journal* seemed a continent away.

Mary South is just plain funny. How she passes the final exams at the Chapman School of Seamanship has to be a miracle! But then she chooses her opposite to cruise with her back to Connecticut where she will look for another job. Her mate is a white, Republican, success-in-business guy from the suburbs of Chicago who outwardly has a disdain for lesbians. Yet they become a team, first navigating the Intracoastal Waterway and then the Atlantic Ocean. In fact, the book is dedicated to this guy. Chuckling at night, my wife kept elbowing me in my back to quiet down.

These three books, although different in locale and focus, are recommended if you have come to a crossroads in your life and are wondering what to do next. Or maybe you are like me and just love reading about life on or along the water. These women, through grit and trust, find their way into lives that suit them just fine.

Ironically, all three women came to a similar conclusion, "not this OR that" but "this AND that." Nancy Lord lives inland during the winter months working as an out-fitter and guide. Gwen Bounds found a different job at the *Wall Street Journal* so she can live in Manhattan and as well as in Garrison, just up the street from Guinan's Pub. Mary South has returned to Manhattan for a new job but escapes on weekends to her tug, the *Shady Lady*, moored on Long Island Sound in Connecticut.

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Activities & Adventures...

Fond Memories

I want to thank Jeff Hall for sharing his youthful adventures with us in the article "Learning By Experience" in the October issue. It was wonderful to hear about the innocent joy that was shared by the youthful Jeff and his friends.

My wife and I shared some adventures of our own on a boat that Jeff owned later and which we bought from him in the early 1980s. This was a larger version of the Manchester, a 1907 Winter Harbor 21 built by Burgess and Packard in Marblehead. We became friends with Jeff and he helped us sail the boat on the first leg back from Nahant to Noank, Connecticut. As I remember we left him smiling in Vinyard Haven after a long day's sail from the Cape Cod Canal and a few nips in celebration of our wonderful day.

At the time we didn't know enough to know that we didn't know much. To us it was just an old, beautiful boat that we could afford through sweat equity. We went on to have many more adventures in *Riddle*, some of which included Jeff when he joined us for local wooden boat meets over the next few years. *Riddle* has gone back to the Winter Harbor Yacht Club to join the rest of the fleet but we still have fond memories of Jeff and *Riddle* and the stories he shared with us about a time before.

Jim Frielander, Mystic, CT

Last Time Offered

This next May 14-17, 2009 will be the last offering of the boat building class to build Sailor Girl at the Home Shop in Charlotte, Michigan. I designed this 12' sailboat which has received enthusiastic response from those who enjoy getting on the water in a boat built with their own hands.

In the seven years that these classes have been offered, 35 boats have been built. The 3½-day class includes all construction from scarfing panels to making the sail of a special Tyvec cloth. Everything ready for paint at home for a total cost of \$950.

A rowing version of the same hull dubbed Sailor Boy (I have a 14-year-old daughter for whom the original sailboat was built and an 8-year-old son for whom this more recent design was christened) won honors in the *Wooden Boat* contest for their family boat building design contest (WB May '07). The Sailor Girl class was also featured in articles in *Popular Woodworking* (Feb. '05) and *MAIB* (May 15, '07).

For those wishing to build Sailor Girl or Sailor Boy at home, a manual with complete instructions and plans is available for \$30 plus \$3 s&h.

John Wilson, The Home Shop, 406 E Broadway, Charlotte, MI 48813, (517) 543-5325.

Information of Interest...

Coast Guard Collision

In Hugh Ware's always interesting column, "Beyond the Horizon," it was reported that the USCG buoy tender *Morro Bay* ran into Block Island in a thick fog. That got

my attention, having nearly accomplished the same feat one night a long time ago, so I looked online to check the circumstances. Turns out that the buoy tender hit not Block Island, but the *Block Island*, the Pt Judith to Block Island ferry. The ferry's bow hit the tender on the starboard side, that and the tender's destination of New London suggesting that the tender was the burdened vessel in a crossing situation. High noon, 200 yards visibility, radar... the CO had just taken command the previous day.

Cape Cod Today reported: "Coast Guard cutter and ferry with 257 passengers collide off Block Island. The Coast Guard is responding after a Coast Guard cutter and ferry carrying 257 passengers and eight crew collided approximately three miles north of Block Island, Rhode Island, around 12:15pm today. No injuries have been reported at this time.

"Coast Guard Sector Long Island Sound received a call from the Coast Guard Cutter *Morro Bay*, a 140' buoy tender homeported in New London, Connecticut, reporting they and the Block Island ferry collided. Neither vessel is taking on water. The ferry has a dent about 5' above the water line. The *Morro Bay* has minimal damage and is fully operational.

"Coast Guard Station Pt Judith, Rhode Island, dispatched a 47' boat crew to assist and the Coast Guard Cutter *Tiger Shark*, an 87' patrol boat homeported in Newport, Rhode Island, has also been diverted. There are 18 crewmembers aboard the *Morro Bay*.

"Visibility at the time of the collision was reported to be about 200 yards. The ferry was enroute to Block Island and the *Morro Bay* was en route to New London.

"The cause of the collision is under investigation."

Mike Russell

Information Wanted...

Looking for Yankee One Designs

If any readers know the whereabouts of other Yankee One Designs please let me know at dpageboston@comcast.net.

Dan Page, Newton, MA

Opinions...

About Homeland Security

Recently you have published some indignant letters regarding Homeland Security Secretary Chertoff's request for cooperation from private boaters. I find it hard to believe that the writers would not report suspicious activity. Who wouldn't report someone cutting a fence around a gas facility or attaching something to a bridge? Isn't that like turning away from a mugging saying, "don't get involved?" This isn't a B movie in which the reluctant hero is recruited by a mysterious spy agency. We live in a country where thousands of our friends and neighbors have been killed in attacks launched from our own soil. Many more attacks have been thwarted by law enforcement.

I imagine that most people would call police if they saw a stranger looking through a neighbor's windows. How is this different from reporting someone photographing a power plant through a zoom lens? Does any-

one believe that such a call would result in mysterious men in black spurring the suspect away for interrogation? I assure you, polite men in blue, with name tags, will respond in well-marked and numbered vehicles or vessels. Any investigation will be conducted in compliance with the Constitution and case law. The caller can even wait and watch to report any abuse to superior officers, elected officials, or the news media. Giving law enforcement authority to protect us does not relieve us of all responsibility for our own communities. This is a free country, we are being asked, not ordered, to help. Those who refuse to help shouldn't be too self-righteous because they are risking other people's lives.

John Sandusky, Rocky Point, NY

Hobie Tri Tryout

I was interested to read your report last year on trying the Hobie Tri, sounds like it's a lousy sailboat if it can't sail to weather. I scrapped my tri design this summer when it couldn't keep up with a Sunfish (we race weekly at my sailing club). My "try" could tack and gybe easily and had well-balanced weather/lee helm but was just too slow. I race sailing canoes so I'm familiar with relative speed of this type of sailing craft.

Dan Reiber, OH

Projects...

A Second Bobcat... "en Miniature"

In the September issue Bob Hanson of Chicago wrote about Ralph Frese of Chicago Canoe Base in his letter "Looking to Retire." During my stint as a professor at Midwestern University there I was a frequent customer at Frese's canoe business, as I was also involved in boat building then. Ralph, a nice chap, was always very helpful with my sometimes weird requests. Over the many years of reading *MAIB* I frequently thought of him and wondered why there never was a reference to him in the magazine. So I called him and, despite the 26 years since we knew each other, he remembered me.

Now to another topic. Two years ago I told you I would send you something about a radio-controlled model boat I was in the process of building. Well, in the middle of the project I lost interest. Recently my interest was rekindled by Will Hadden, son of local boat builder Alex Hadden. Will, about 14 years old, is amazing. Besides his radio-controlled boat, which re-sparked my interest, he recently built a small plywood skiff which he will power with a weed whacker from our dump.

So I have completed my delayed project, Phil Bolger's Bobcat "en miniature." I enlarged the plans of the Bobcat, which I had built years ago on Cliff Island, then proceeded, as with the full size boat, cutting out the station molds and put all the parts together. The specifics are: LOA 28", beam 14", displacement 16 pounds including battery and ballast. It feels heavier though. The crew pictured was recruited from our dump (transfer station), a ceramic Amish family, father, mother, son, and daughter. They do look a bit out of place. I suggested to name the boat *Phil's Kitten* but Martha had a different idea, she thought *Phil* was enough for such a small boat. So at this point she has yet to be named.

This reminds me of a funny incident. I had named our Bolger Bobcat, on the transom, *Mein Kaetzle* in Yiddish, of course in

Hebrew letters. So one of our Cliff Islanders, approached me, inquiring, "I'm not up on my Arabic, what does it say?"

Hans Waecker, Georgetown, ME



Deliberative Decision Making

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan
(Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*)

Several years ago when I was the Academic Dean at a small university, I agreed to supervise the student teaching of a young man from another college in our conference. His college agreed with the proviso that I use their procedures for evaluation which was oriented around the concept of deliberative decision making. Teachers make approximately 1,000 decisions in the course of a single day regarding time-on-task, attention getting, review or advance, noting who is and who is not grasping a specific thought, and a myriad of other decisions. This college wanted their students to be deliberative in their decision making and able to defend their rationale.

All of this was spewed forth by department chair replete with arrogant multitudinous polysyllables delivered in a sonorous voice while tutoring me as if I were a freshman in Introduction to Education 101. I about puked. My first thought was wondering when this paragon of platitudes last stepped into a K-12 classroom. Stick a couple dozen kids with varied skill levels, familial support, socioeconomic status, language skills, and ethnic backgrounds and see how deliberative decision making is.

We sail with our eyes focused on about seven things at once and react more by instinct than by thoughtful consideration. Like sailing in a storm, we don't have time to cogitate, rationalize, prepare a plan, and implement the process while constantly evaluating the impact of our behaviors.

The kid survived and is a successful administrator. I eventually got fired as dean because a new president felt I did not have the "right stuff" (read that "Good Hair"). So now I spend my time sailing and chuckling about the vicissitudes of life. During a rain storm

Bolger Sneakeasy First Project

After reading Phil Bolger's articles and then one of his books I decided to build his Sneakeasy. It was my first building project other than a doghouse and I am quite pleased. You magazine helped kindle my dream.

Dave Stuzman, Rochester, NY



My Latest and Last Project

I built the skiff pictured to Charles Wiltoltz's Little Moby design. I spent eight months of my 75th year building the boat using marine plywood for the bottom and western red cedar for the topsides and deck. Fastenings are stainless steel and power is a 30hp Honda four-stroke outboard. Little Moby has a LOA of 14'6" and a beam of 5'6". Plans are available from the WoodenBoat Store, www.woodenboatstore.com

Frank Neff, Greenback, TN



Family Boat Building at Oswego

Dan and Rich teach technology at State University of New York at Oswego. They and their students make kits and then help the participating families construct their boats. With the help of "Raby Ace" supplying the lumber at a reduced price each group ends up with boats (six per session) for about \$125 all in.

Carl Allen, Oswego, NY



I started thinking about deliberative decision making and wondered on paper how this would work in sailing.

Question 1: A beautiful sail with wing-on-wing and a splendid breeze. Something falls overboard. Deliberative Decision: a) If it's your dog you immediately throw everything that floats overboard, turn to make a figure eight to retrieve your mutt, go overboard yourself if necessary. It is your best friend, Skipper. b) Your favorite cap, who cares, you have 25 more in the hall closet and at least eight in the cabin. c) Your girl friend, patiently think about the relationship and whether it is worth interrupting a good sail to save. d) Your wife, no decision at all, she can swim, can't she!

Question 2: You are a newbie sailor. Deliberative Decision on sailing apparel: a) a captain's hat with gold braid; b) West Marine boat shoes; c) monogrammed life vest; d) quick dry sailing pants; e) All the above. Duh, the answer is easily "e". Newbies are always dressed as if they were Captain of the Love Boat.

Question 3: You are an old salt. You decide to go sailing. Deliberative Decision on apparel: Correct answer: No thinking at all here, what ever the heck you have on. Wind and tide waits for no man.

Question 4: It is a sunny day with a strong breeze. Deliberative Decision: a) to do the chores your wife insisted on you finishing; b) work on your boat that desperately needs TLC; c) Go sailing. Answer: "c." Your wife will never be satisfied with your work, boats were made for sailing, not working on, winter is only five months away and you need to spend as much time on the water as possible. Besides, life is short and the scratches and peeling paint don't bother you any.

Question 5: You need to visit the bathroom. Deliberative decision: Which of the following will you take to the head: a) *Shallow Water Sailor*; b) *Messing About in Boats*; c) *Latitudes and Attitudes*; d) *Sail*; e) *Good Old Boat*. Answer, another gimme question that takes NO decision making at all you silly wabbit. ALL OF THEM. And you read every single page of each magazine for the second time because it gets you away from your wife for a spell, makes the "visit" worthwhile, keeps you occupied when you could be doing the 2-DO list, and helps you decide on how to spend your life savings.

At a conference of academic deans when I first started the job I approached an older, highly experienced dean to ask about priorities, processes of leading a quality college, problem avoidance, effective and efficient departmental operation, and keeping the President happy. This senior dean, wearing the ubiquitous uniform tweed jacket, bow tie, Phi Beta Kappa key, and rumpled shirt looked down snootily over the tops of his glasses and posited, "Deans must wear the breastplate of righteousness."

I countered that I really needed practical ideas, day-to-day priorities, important stuff, not some philosophical perspective. On a day-to-day basis what should I do? He again looked over his glasses and uttered, "Deans must proliferate goodness, beauty, and truth."

I shook my head and uttered wearily that it was no wonder I had been kicked out of his university when I was a freshman. He glanced thoughtfully at my name tag. "Uh yes, Regan. Of course," he muttered to himself. Now you see why I sail, drink beer, and don't spend much time on deliberative decision making.



A group of Gentlemen's Raceboats on a flyby head for the crowd down the straight, keeping their distance from one another....

The Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York, way up in the Thousand Islands region of northwestern New York State at the headwaters of the mighty St Lawrence River (the outlet for all the Great Lakes at the eastern end of Lake Ontario) is focused on the indigenous historic watercraft of by-gone days. In their case, motorboats reign supreme. There's hardly a sail to be seen. The wealthy folks of a century ago (mostly New Yorkers) who summered here adopted the then just emerging gasoline engine powered "yachts," unlike their brethren who congregated summers at Newport, Rhode Island, to go yachting under sail.

Thus the antique boats to be seen here are chiefly powerboats, there is a building devoted to small human and sail powered boats indigenous to the nearby Adirondack Preserve but the major displays consist of an amazing diversity of early powerboats favored by the well-to-do summerers.

So what about this term "speed?" It surfaces when any two boats of similar type happen to meet on the water informally, be they paddle or oar or sail or motor powered. The difference is relative, ranging up from the human walking/running pace of small oar and paddle powered boats on through what is viewed as "fast" by sailors, to the fastest, internal combustion engine powered motorboats.

Out at the leading edge in this quest for speed are the raceboats of yesteryear and every other summer they gather at Clayton for a regatta. This report is all about what we found (and heard, oh the bellow of large race-tuned engines!) on our visit this past August. This is all about POWER, in capital letters, great big old engines in fast moving hulls. While the participants do not indulge in actual "shoulder to shoulder" racing around the triangular course just off the museum waterfront, they do get out there a class at a time for what are known as "fly-bys," a half dozen

The Quest for Speed

The Antique Boat Museum's Raceboat Regatta 2008

By Bob Hicks

or so in each class keeping respectful spacing amongst themselves at 75mph speeds bearing down on the turn leading onto the straight past the museum waterfront where the crowd can see and hear them close up from the comfort of temporary bleachers.

This is SPEED that anyone can appreciate and understand and thrill to, it doesn't require the explanation that has to accompany the apparent slowness of sailboats at "speed," let alone rowing or paddling boats. If I sound a bit too much enamored of all this to some of you, recall that I have mentioned occasionally my bygone years of motorcycle racing. I am still something of a "motorhead" even if I have not chosen to apply engine power to my boating years. I identified with these guys (and a few gals) out there gassing it, if not in their specific choice of vehicle, then definitely in savoring the thrill of speed once enjoyed. So with this caveat to forewarn you, you'll find my report one of respect and admiration for how this particular way of messing about in boats is indulged in by its enthusiasts.

The participants are mostly middle-aged men who collect old raceboats (over 20 years of age) and get together about 18 times a year around the country to get out on the water and use the boats as they were intended. I was told that the majority are not former racers (aside from a few former outboard racers who never could afford the big inboards in their heydays) but are persons who once were attracted to racing power boats and can now afford to indulge in owning and driving these boats. It takes fairly deep pockets to af-

ford the hulls, engines, trailering rigs, and on-going maintenance of such special purpose boats, but not too much different than that required for serious level yachting.

How much to get into this game? Well, *Macaroni*, a 1970 280 Hydroplane was offered for sale. The 16'10" hull was powered by an eight-cylinder 220hp Plymouth engine. It was designed and built by one Ron Jones, Sr and restored by a Steve Balcer of Michigan with paint job by Unique Boat Restoration of New Hampshire. It sat on one of the purpose built trailers the wide flat hydro hulls require. If you knew how to make use of it and wanted to have a go it was yours for \$25,000.

A sidebar from the event program book explains the differences between the two main types of raceboats on hand, hydroplanes and flat bottoms. The latter look more like conventional motorboats while the former are flying wings afloat until airborne at speed, touching the water at the tips of two forward sponsons and the prop at the rear, riding on the layer of air compressed between their flat bottoms and the surface of the water. Obviously they are the more exotic type. Their drivers refer to them as "prop riders."

The hydroplanes were all parked on land in the museum parking lot adjacent to the waterfront. Each was on its own trailer in these "pits" and was launched as its heat came up by an enormous crane that could reach out to the furthest corner of the lot and pluck the chosen boat from its trailer and deposit it gently into the water. Each owner/driver (not always the same guy) would anxiously watch this airborne launching as his pride and joy swung high in the sky overhead en route to the water and return after each heat. They are kept ashore except when racing as they are easily sunk, big heavy engines, lightweight wooden hulls, just about zero freeboard. One little wave and...

...and roar past after rounding the turn at 60+mph.





Two up in cockpits hark back to the days of the riding mechanic, in today's flybys the passenger can act as a lookout for the driver. The boat on the left (G48) is Bill John's modified 600hp 30-year-old Garwood.



Three up in cockpit adds another along for the ride in a boat with a big enough cockpit.

The hydros at speed were the fastest boats. Their progress is very fast and very flat, skimming dish comes to mind. Cornering is flat like a race car and the possibility of a spinout exists if the boat decides to go sideways too fast into a turn. This prospect was one influence on the racers keeping their distance from one another in the turns.

The flat bottoms look and handle much more like your everyday motor boat, that is until they get up to racing speeds when they tend to lift off and "fly" down the straights. In the turns they bank like conventional boats, digging in with their hard chines except that at speed they tend to get airborne off the wakes of

preceding boats. It can get pretty lively bending into a turn over the wakes off a high speed run down a straightaway. Spectacular. These boats spend between heats time at dockside.

A third type of boat was the "Gentlemen's Racers," typically older designs from the '20s and '30s, mostly restored originals. These were aimed at the "gentlemen" of those eras who could afford whatever they wanted and wanted to play at racing without so much speed or danger. These were very attractive appearing boats to me, lovely varnished mahogany hulls fitted with period big engines.

The outboards on hand didn't get out on the water while we were there as it was too

choppy from a brisk northwesterly breeze. Too bad, as they are more like what I used to do in scale. The big inboards and hydros are well beyond my comfort level today.

We spent a day there on Saturday and viewed a number of heats along with roaming the pits (when they were opened to the public during the noon break) and docks looking at the boats close up and talking with some of the owners/drivers. A fascinating day spent amongst a group of true enthusiasts. I liked the gusto displayed, the fellowship that was apparent, and the motorhead still in me got really into some of the technical details of the boats.



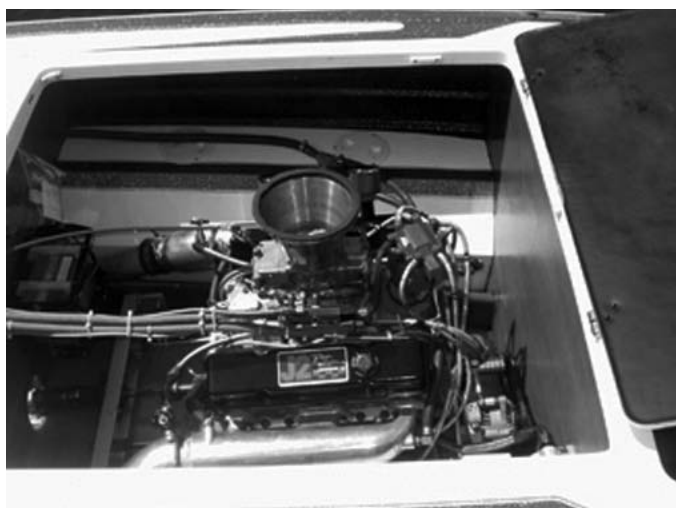
Two flat bottomed Jersey Speed Skiffs get over on their chines in a turn.

A Jersey Speed Skiff cockpit. Note horizontal steering wheel and two large footpedals. One is the gas pedal, the other controls the trim tab (seen in lower left corner) which controls the boat's angle of attack (how high the bow rises). The little sign at the right on the dashboard reads, "Get in, sit down, shut up, hang on!"



Sometimes they almost lose their grip on the water like this, setting up a potential spinout.

Under the engine hatch in this Jersey Speed Skiff is a surprisingly small engine.





Apache, a 1922 Gentleman's Raceboat powered by an OHV V-12 WWI Liberty aircraft engine which originally put out about 450hp for the famous Jenny fighters. Note the short straight exhaust pipes (12 of them) on the engine's right side, just ahead of the driver's right ear! Keeping this 84-year-old boat in original racing trim involves a heavy investment of time and money.

Tiger belongs to an expatriate Aussie now living in the US, Ken Warby, "The World's Fastest Man on Water." He set a speed of 317.60mph on October 8, 1978 in the *Spirit of Australia* at Blowering Dam in New South Wales, Australia. *Tiger's* big chromed V-8 churns out 1,150hp along with an unbelievable sound from those twin megaphone exhausts.

What Makes a Raceboat Vintage, Historic and/or Antique?

As defined in the APBA Vintage & Historic bylaws: ARTICLE IV: General Rules A. The Vintage and Historic Division is open to all classes of racing boats from Outboards through Unlimiteds. B. The hull, 20 years old or older, must have been a racing hull at one time in the boat's history. Exceptions to this rule would be: 1. Complete reproductions or replicas. 2. Boats from discontinued classes. 3. Hulls that no longer comply with the existing racing class rules. C. For judging purposes, the boat must be at least 20 years old to be classified in the Vintage category. For consideration in the Historic category, the boat must have been built prior to 1941. Replicas or reproductions of the pre-war period shall be deemed "vintage."

Types of Hulls: Flatbottom or Hydroplane

There are two typical styles of raceboats, flatbottoms and hydroplanes. Flatbottoms are much like your conventional V-shaped hull. The very early style of flatbottom boats had "steps" built into the bottom to lift the bot-

General Information

tom up onto these steps and create less water resistance. They were also called hydroplanes. Today many of the faster production type hulls have "steps" built into the bottom.

Three point hydroplanes were developed after Ventnor Boat Works patented their idea of attaching waterskis to the outside of the hull off the water. The idea was started while building suicide boats for the Chinese government during WWII. They required a fast boat with a 500lb bomb in the bow. All that weight in the bow was hampering the boat's design. Ventnor also built waterskis and the idea to strap a pair onto the bow to carry the weight started the hydroplane evolution. After WWII Ted Jones developed the three point hydroplane which had sponsons attached to a hull that basically resembled an aircraft wing. This three point hydroplane flew over the water on a cushion of air balanced by its sponsons and prop. The world water speed records at that time were literally smashed by this new style of racing hull.

Brief History: Why are Hydroplanes Constructed Like They Are?

Since their inception and for the most part, the vintage inboard hydroplanes featured throughout this weekend's show were built from solid wood framing. Typically the framing is milled from Sitka spruce. This wood species is also used in airplane construction, mainly because of its strength to weight ratio. The hydroplane's framing (or skeleton) has a plywood skin attached to it and encapsulating the framing. The glues used back then were nowhere near as good as the adhesives used today. Varnish was used to seal all the wood and plywood.

Today's raceboats are built essentially the same but the range of newer, high-tech construction materials available to a raceboat builder is much more extensive. High strength adhesives, lightweight materials, and coating compounds have these boats much lighter than their forefathers. They are still finely crafted machines. As they were in the past, each one built is truly, a work of art!

(Courtesy of Phil Spruit www.vintage-hydroplanes.com)



"Fearless Fred Alter" spent much of Saturday hunkered down over the big V-12 Allison engine in his unlimited hydroplane, *Miss Vernor's*, trying to get it to fire up without success. From time to time the announcer would inform the gathering that he would appear soon on the water. This is a boat that turned over 165mph in racing. Everyone wanted to see and hear it in action. Turned out it had a burned piston. Photos at right show the small two bladed prop that puts 2,500hp to the water, a high rpm 21-22 pitch surface prop (no longer a screw) and the rudders on the sponsons which assist in turning the boat by steering up front. The prop is offset about four degrees to the right to also assist in those left turns on the counterclockwise race courses.

Fred's poster told the following story:

Miss Vernor's

Unlimited Hydroplane

U-64 oz

Length: 30'0"

Beam: 13'0"

Engine: World War II Allison 1710 V-12

Used in: P-39, P-40, P-51 Mustang

Power: 1,250-1,300hp stock

2,500hp racing

1977: The original Vernor's was designed and built by Les Staudacher in Kawkawlin, Michigan.

1978: Fred Alter uses the design for a series of Unlimited Kit boat frames. Sponsored by the URC the project was intended to provide low budget teams with modern hulls.

1980-85: The original Vernor's was raced as the *Vernor's Squire Shop* and *KKYX* (driven by Brands Jones).

1999: Kit boat frames (unfinished) purchased from the estate of racer Bob Gilliam.

2002-2007: *Miss Vernor's* kit completed and launched by Fred Alter for display at APBA Vintage events.



Bill Gmeiner, Jr's Lauterbach Special is one of the most famous Lauterbach hydroplanes.

Bill's poster told this story:

Lauterbach Special

Class: Grand Prix – Number 200

Builder: Henry Lauterbach

Engine: Big Block Chevy – 700+hp

Length 22'6"

Weight: 2,450lbs race ready

One of the most famous Lauterbach hydroplanes ever. Built in 1976 by Henry Lauterbach for his brother Norman, the Special was a winner from Day One. The boat was sold to Don Ryan of Bellingham, Washington, where it continued its record setting pace. After Ryan's ownership the hydroplane changed owners and names a few times and was retired in the early 1990s. During its heyday the Lauterbach Special competed in three different classes: H/7Litre/GP.



World Lap Records

1981: 104.5mph - 1984: 119.6mph

National Championships

1976 - 1977 - 1980 - 1983

National High Point

1977 - 1979 - 1980 - 1981

Canadian Gold Cup Winner 1980

Present Owner: Bill Gmeiner, Jr. Detroit

After I visited with owner Bill Gmeiner, Jr he gave me this very nice autographed full color photo exemplifying his own "Quest for Speed".





The Gold Cup Building

Curator Dan Miller's layout of the new Gold Cup Building displayed an amazing number of representative boats along with a dozen engines out on stands where motorheads could examine them in detail.

Along one wall a time line of world speed records was displayed with the initial listing for 1908 at 36.6mph. The original boat that set this record, *Dixie II*, was a featured display, so long, so narrow, such big engine.



Looking Around the Museum

Away from the waterfront action there was the museum itself to be investigated. The last time we were there was in 1987, 21 years ago. It has grown since, of course, and there's much to be seen on the rather small site. Directly of interest in connection with this event was the new Gold Cup Building, chockablock full of a historic array of raceboats down through the years. A most interesting aspect of this display was that its curator, responsible for its layout and choice of boats and engines to be shown, Dan Miller, is

also a traditional wooden canoe builder. His lack of any connection with raceboats resulted in a superior display, in my view, of what the general public could understand and appreciate. One need not be an insider to appreciate his efforts.

And, for those of you who prefer small craft, there's the Pauline Dodge Building, Adelaide & Miller Gaffney Building, Fred Thomas Skiff Livery, full of St Lawrence skiffs and skiff-punts, canoes and sailing craft. Small craft are available for public use in July and August along with sailing lessons. The only sails to be seen are on these small skiffs and canoes with one lone daysailer.





The Pauline Dodge Building Adelaide & Miller Gaffney Building Fred Thomas Skiff Livery

Away from all the action and noise of racing powerboats the museum's collection of small craft rested quietly in these combined buildings (three under a single roof). Almost all were oar and paddle craft, one daysailer stood out mid-room, and several sailing canoes appear in an adjacent room. Along one wall a Dispro showed its stuff.

At the right are shown (clockwise from top left) a dugout canoe, a birch bark canoe, a canvas covered folding skiff, and a launch built especially for a visit to the area by U.S. Grant.

The livery rents out small boats to visitors during the summer season. An effort to get an annual small craft gathering going similar to those at Mystic and St Michaels has been dropped due to lack of participants.





Carol and I moved to the Thousand Islands in 2001 and shortly afterward our neighbor and Antique Boat Museum founder and board member, John Carter, introduced us to the museum. It didn't take long before we were hooked, line and sinker, purchasing our first wooden boat, a Morgan Marine HackerCraft which we thoroughly enjoyed for several years. On becoming a volunteer at the ABM it was easy to become involved with the Race Boat Regatta. As a young man I had spent many ill-begotten hours working on sports cars, muscle cars, and motorcycles. So it was a natural extension to volunteer to help at Race Boat Regatta. Once a motorhead, always a motorhead. Marv Hart had already run three or four of the prior regattas when I became involved in 2004 and, as always, Marv welcomed another volunteer even if he knew nothing. Everyone starts somewhere.

Somehow I became the in-water boats pit boss. This is primarily the old Gold Cuppers, flatbottoms and skiffs. I have to say the folks who owned these boats must have taken pity on me, the newcomer, trying to tell the old timers when to get to the line. We did save a few boats from dock rash so at least I made it through my first regatta. The highlight of my three days was when Paul Nowack of Jersey Speed Skiff *Hearbeat JS-22* asked if I wanted a ride in one of the heats. Paul, I found out later, has been running skiffs since 1978 and really knows his way around the course. I had a blast! After the course was closed Paul

A Personal Perspective

By Dave Richardson

again took me out and gave me a few lessons on how to keep the nose up on a skiff. I will always be thankful to Paul who not only introduced me to skiffs and going fast on the water but was a great competitor who does it for the sheer fun of running.

At the 2006 Race Boat Regatta Marv again handed me the same role but I also drove tractor and was a part-time announcer. Somewhere during the event Curt Brayer of *Dancing Bear* fame (it still holds two world records 20 years on) asked me if I wanted a ride. Guess what the answer was? The course was closed and Curt and I headed upriver. At about the point where the Clayton Yacht Club is, Curt shut down, stood up, and asked me to change positions. I was driving *The Bear*! I don't know how fast I got it up to but probably just over idle. The main thing I remember was how easily it handled. Smooth as silk and cornered like it was sliding around a turn. Curt is very gracious and didn't offer anything but a few suggestions. Again another wonderful experience from a wonderful man.

Last summer, 2007, Marv Hart asked me if I wanted to go with him to a fledgling event in my old stomping grounds of Rideau Ferry (I am Canadian and originally from nearby). Marv was bringing his big GP boat *Canadiana* and wondered if I wanted to drive on of his

small hydros, *Wild Card E-148*. That weekend we showed up with a half dozen boats from the Thousand Islands area. Bill and Judy Fisk found out that I was driving and spent some time helping with a tutorial. Brian Small (APBA safety director and rescue boat chief) was there to fish me out and was ever watchful of a new driver. I didn't get any scowls from Brian so must have done OK.

The first heat was very rough but towards the last lap I started to feel good about it and got "aired out" (the point where a three point hydro is really running on its three points, two sponsons and the water side of the prop). We ran two heats per day over the two-day event. My highlight was coming into dock with Marv, Bari Bryant, Bill DeGlopper, and the other great folks greeting me with big smiles and congratulations. In the second to last heat Hal LeDuc in *Opechee* ran beside me for a couple of laps making it both interesting for us and the spectators. I was hooked!! I think Judy Fisk took my wife Carol aside and told her she may as well get used to it because this fish was flopping on the end of the line.

I started the search for my own small hydro. I was fairly settled on wanting a vintage prop rider in something under five litre. The word went out on the street, no doubt with Marv spreading some of it through the vintage community. Just about simultaneously I heard from Don Price at St Lawrence Restoration and Tom D'Eath that Bill Gmeiner's *Big Chief All* was for sale. Tom, being the expert that he is, highly recommended the boat, which is all the recommendation I needed. Carol, after several glasses of red wine agreed (I was serving) and offered to give me *Big Chief* as my 60th birthday present. She referred to it as bowing to the inevitable. Bill Gmeiner and I settled on a price and Marv and I drove to Detroit to bring her back to the Thousand Islands. I say back to the Thousand Islands as she had, in the past been owned by Philip Sharples, a long time summer resident in the Thousand Islands and Floyd Waterson, a well-known Thousand Islands resident and racer who campaigned her before selling her to Bill Gmeiner.

Big Chief was originally built by Henry Lauterbach and delivered to Bud Wiget in 1972. Bud was a very famous outboard racer as was his wife Ethel. *Big Chief* was named by Ethel for Bud's Native American heritage. In 1978 Bud sold the boat to Hugh Long of Danville, Kentucky. Long campaigned the boat for twelve years winning too many races and championships to list.

Big Chief is very original down to the engine which is a highly modified 1962 four-cylinder Chevy II, 153 cubic inch running methanol. That part is especially good now that methanol is half the price of gasoline. The engine puts out something like 250hp (the stock Chevy II was 90hp) and has driven *Big Chief* through the clocks at 128.9mph. Carol made me promise not to get close to that.

Several friends brought their boats to Race Boat Regatta including Bill Fisk in *Came to Play*, Hal LeDuc in *Opechee* and Kevin Hart in *Wild Card*. I had little doubt that I would be seeing some propwash from all of them as I learned how to drive what promises to be a very fun boat.

(Editor comments: Dave managed to get away briefly on Saturday afternoon from his job as Assistant Race Meet Manager for a flyby in *Big Chief*, only to run out of alky while out on the course).

Legends of the Past

Recognizing the Legends of Racing History

On Saturday evening a banquet was held in the Rivershed to honor new inductees into the vintage raceboat Legends of the Past. It was an informal, laid back celebration, not only to honor those being inducted and those inducted in the past but also to indulge in any racer's second favorite boating activity, bench racing.

Objective of the Legends Program

Create an award program that recognizes Race Boat personalities of significance from the past. The emphasis should be focused on those people who have made significant contributions during their era and also have continued to support the concept and vision of the APBA Vintage and Historic Division.

Create a highly respected group of people that will remain in high esteem and be encouraged to continue sharing their history with us.

Criteria

Selection will come from three major categories: Past driver/owners; Past designers/manufacturers; Restorers and collectors. Highest priority should be given to candidates who have had presence, not only in their racing career but with some Vintage and Historic presence as well. While there are many famous people out there, many have done their thing and faded into history. We wish to seek out those who continue to stay in touch and give back to the sport and the restoration of its history. In the category of restorers and collectors, special consideration needs to be given to folks who have made a significant contribution in the preservation of racing history as in the restoring of race boats, collecting and documenting this rich history.

I am often asked to summarize the Antique Boat Museum's economic and cultural contributions to our greater community. Gary DeYoung, Director of Tourism for the International Tourism Council, helps us understand this contribution in an article he recently wrote about tourism and the Museum that describes, "the transformation of the Antique Boat Museum Campus as an example of revitalization that is needed in more abundance in the 1000 Islands region. The community's businesses depend on institutions such as the Museum to be the 'attractions' that draw tourists and assure the income needed for a quality operation."

Ten years ago Garrison Keillor might well have described the village of Clayton as the town that time forgot... with its empty store fronts and closed factory. Today the turn-of-the-century facades on Main Street are revitalized, new stores are opening every year, the breakfast spots are full, and the old Opera House has been restored. One of the primary reasons for this transformation has been the growth and international recognition of the Antique Boat Museum.

In the last seven years the Museum has invested in five new exhibitions buildings. Last year it completed construction of the McNally Yacht House which shelters the turn-of-the-century gilded age houseboat *La Duchesse* and an impressive in-water fleet of antique boats. It also completed construction of a 20,000 square foot Collection Storage Facility that provides "visible storage" for visitors. With its 4.5 acre campus, eight exhibit buildings, extraordinary collection of 270 antique boats, modern library and archive, and with new exhibits opening each season, the ABM has become an internationally renowned Museum.

Consider what the ABM does for Clayton and the 1000 Islands region:

Attracts 40,000 people over the summer season to visit the Museum and attend Boat Shows. These visitors also frequent stores, restaurants, and hotels in river communities throughout the 1000 Islands region.

Hosts the Annual Antique Boat Show & Auction, which has been held on the first weekend in August for 44 years and is the oldest, most prestigious antique boat show in the world with collectors traveling from all over the country to participate.

Hosts the biennial Antique Raceboat Regatta with raceboats running a vintage race course and antique motorcycles and vintage cars also on display.

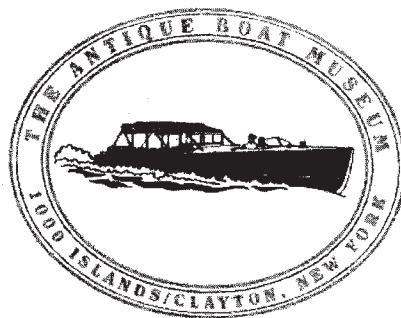
Clayton Town Supervisor Justin Taylor says, "The best banking days in Clayton are the Mondays after the Antique Boat Show and Race Boat Regatta and the second best banking days in Clayton are the Tuesdays after the Antique Boat Show and Race Boat Regatta."

The Museum pays over \$26,000 annually in property taxes.

The Museum provides free community parking for all of downtown Clayton 360 days of the year.

The Museum employs 14 full time and 40 seasonal workers. Each season the Museum engages carpenters, painters, electricians, boat restorers, and other local trades to do contract work for the Museum.

The Museum Education Program is in 26 public school classrooms in Clayton and Cape Vincent and serves more than 475 students from kindergarten to Grade 5 with its Community Connections program. Many more school children from the 1000 Islands



The Antique Boat Museum and Cultural Tourism in the 1000 Islands

By John MacLean, Executive Director

Central district visit the Museum's campus on field trips.

The Museum provides Clayton and the 1000 Islands with national and international recognition.

The Museum has provided such a powerful catalyst for the economic revitalization of Clayton that three municipalities across the border in Ontario (Kingston, Brockville, and Rockport) are recruiting

the Antique Boat Museum to open Canadian campuses in their communities to become attractions for cultural tourism and a stimulus for economic revitalization.

Gordon Phillips of the noted Economic Planning Group of Canada writes that "major attractions" such as the Museum are clearly demand generators for tourism with considerable economic impacts. These include both direct benefits from the operation of the museum (jobs, purchases, services) as well as spin-off benefits across the spectrum of economic activity from the money visitors to the Museum spend in the community such as accommodations, restaurants, gift shops, and other retail businesses all benefit directly.

Others also benefit indirectly from the enhanced economic activity in the community, construction, building supplies, professional services, and so on.

Even the municipal tax base is enhanced with the new development being spawned over time. It is also the case that a nice place to visit is also a nice place to live, and to locate a business.

Mr DeYoung concludes his article about the Museum with the observation that "when community based tourism works well, return on investment is not only measured in dollars but in terms of quality of life, historic preservation, and environmental sustainability... The Antique Boat Museum can take pride in knowing that its efforts are providing wonderful dividends."

1. Elizabeth & Bolling Haxall Building: Admission, Exhibit Galleries, Theater, Museum Store, Library and Archives, Education Center, Bathrooms, and Administrative Offices.

2. Pauline Dodge Building, Adelaide & Miller Gaffney Building, Fred Thomas Skiff Livery: St Lawrence skiffs and skiff-puts, canoes, and sailing craft on display. Small craft available for use (July and August). Sailing lessons available.

3. E.J. Noble Stone Building: Boat building and restoration demonstrations, Boat builder in Residence July and August.

4. Cleveland Dodge Building: Outboard boating exhibit, launches, runabouts, cruisers, utilities, and inboard engines on display.

5. McNally Yacht House: In-water fleet, static water displays.

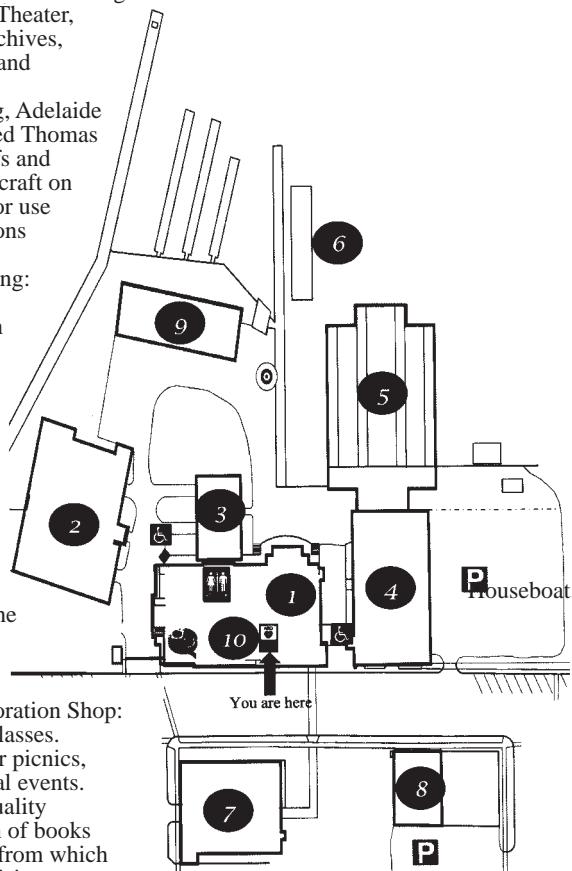
6. La Duchesse: 1903 Gilded-Age Guided tours only. Sign up at the Admission Desk.

7. Gold Cup Building: Raceboats and engines.

8. Boat building and Restoration Shop: Boat building and restoration classes.

9. Rivershed: Available for picnics, private parties, and other special events.

10. Museum Store: Top quality clothing, an extensive selection of books and a broad array of gift items from which to choose a memento of your visit.





Two gleaming varnished mahogany raceboats with traditional “runabout” lines were sitting dockside in Clayton’s McNally Yachthouse awaiting their flyby turn. Their names, *Obsession* and *Compulsion*, piqued my curiosity and later on when I found one of the drivers at ease on the dock after a flyby I approached him to inquire about these names. He was Bill John of Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, and *Obsession* was his modified 1948 Gar Wood. *Compulsion* was a boat he had just completed building for a client of his small vintage boat shop on Lake Winnepesaukee and her owner was here to indulge in his very first experience driving his own raceboat.

Here was a story to this journalist’s mind so I arranged to visit Bill in late October at his shop, a 100-mile ride from home on my BMW while the weather was still pleasant. Bill had told me that every Saturday morning local raceboat enthusiasts gather at his shop for socializing, otherwise known as bench racing. When we arrived we found a dozen or so guys well into their bench racing amongst the two boats

Bill had two boats currently undergoing restoration work in his shop. A Jersey Sea Skiff had the sixth of 12 coats of varnish on its deck with little notes warning that it was not to be touched, and a vintage Chris Craft runabout of perhaps 25’ was well along with its restoration, gleaming varnish applied, a rebuilt big V8 motor set into place awaiting hookups. Bill loves to varnish and the quest for that proverbial “plate glass” finish is one he has mastered after 30 years of applying varnish (the real stuff) to his own boat.

Obsession

By Bob Hicks

No sign of *Obsession* or *Compulsion*. “They’re already in winter storage,” Bill explained. Bill’s business card for his Vintage Race Boat Shop reads, “We maintain vintage wooden boats, providing year-round maintenance and treating each boat with special care.” This includes hauling and storage in nearby facilities while the boats undergoing work rest in the shop. A couple of mahogany runabouts were on trailers in the yard awaiting their turns.

“I opened for business six years ago,” Bill tells us, “leaving my job in big business on Friday, signing the rental agreement on this shop on Saturday, and opening for business on Monday. It was a major life change for me.” At last Bill was going to do what he really wanted to, work on wooden boats. He and his partner Donnie McLean, who is a skilled mechanic (working part time with a real world job) run the shop, Bill puts in six day weeks and cannot get enough it seems.

Wooden boats have been his “obsession” all his life with encouragement from a naval architect grandfather who designed raceboats and ran a yard building World War II boats for the British Navy. Bill exercised this obsession 30 years ago while on vacation when he saw an ad in a Laconia, New Hampshire (on Lake Winnepesaukee) newspaper for a 1948 Gar Wood with a big Chrysler hemi V8 engine in it. His grandfather had told him that Gar Wood boats were top line,

so he bought *G48* and has indulged his obsession ever since with this boat.

G48 stands for (G)old Cup, 19(48), although Bill later learned that the boat was built in 1946. Over the years he has owned and enjoyed the boat and has modified it considerably. A major change, which added 10mph to its top speed (now about 75mph), was “shingling” the bottom. In essence this involves placing rows of “shingles” on the bottom to create a lot of mini “steps” which assist in getting the boat up off the water enough to reduce hydrodynamic drag. With 600+hp from that big Chrysler, *G48* moves right along, as shown on this issue’s cover. When the Raceboat Regattas began in the ‘90s Bill was quick to join in the fun and has traveled overland to as many as a half dozen a year all over the US. In 2008 he said he cut back due to time constraints.

Compulsion was Bill’s first new boat project. A client expressed an interest in getting into this vintage race boat action with a boat similar to *Obsession*. Bill took *Obsession* to Fish Brothers on New York’s Lake George where her measurements were taken and a bare hull built. Bill does not do original structural work on client’s boats but he and Donnie took it from there. *Compulsion* has a glued up composite wood/epoxy hull, very stiff according to Bill. “The older planked up boats flex a lot more and give a far better ride.” The newer boat is much lighter and, after discussions with her owner to be, it was decided that she could be powered with a smaller engine to still get her into the 65mph max range, a level of speed satisfactory her owner.

The Vintage Raceboat Shop in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.



Bill John in his memorabilia corner.



The “clubhouse” atmosphere of Bill’s shop on this Saturday morning was enhanced by the display on one wall of photos and memorabilia of 30 years of driving *G48*. One might think that after so long an involvement in so specialized an activity Bill might be somewhat blasé about it all but he is anything but. He can scarcely suppress his enthusiasm. As we were departing he called me over to see two small classic silver cups. They were engraved with the name “Mrs William Edgar John” and recognized racing success in 1914 for his grandmother in Inboard Racing at her local club. “You can see that my obsession has roots nearly 100 years ago,” Bill proudly pointed out. Justly so!

(Editor Comments: Bill operates as Vintage Race Boat Shop, Bay St, PO. Box 332, Wolfeboro, NH 03894, (603) 569-5824, His website is www.VintageRaceBoatShop.com).



A Jersey Speed Skiff undergoing restoration.



Rochester, New York, boasts of the fastest Dolphin in existence and as, like a Mis-sourian, I wanted to see for myself this wonder, I took the midnight train which dumped me out at the Flour City three hours late, hungry but keenly interested for a sight of the new flyer. A short ride on the trolley brought me to the Rochester Gas Engine Company’s works which are on the Erie Canal upon whose placid bosom rested the *Rochester*, as this Dolphin is called, all ready for trial.

This Dolphin was built from the same lines as the original boat except there is a little less draught forward and the moulds were placed further apart to allow making the boat 35’ instead of 25’, as was the first Dolphin.

The dimensions of this boat are as follows: 35’ over all, 3’ 10” breadth, 16” draught of hull. She is equipped with one of the company’s new 25hp two-cycle motors, with four cylinders of 4½” bore and 5” stroke. Weight, including reversing gear, 710 pounds. This engine turns a three-bladed wheel 18” in diameter and 24” pitch at 1060 revolutions per minute when the boat is at her best speed.

A High-Speed Dolphin

Reprinted from *The Rudder*, January 1905

A quarter of a mile was carefully measured off on the towpath, along a section of the canal called a widewater which is made to allow canal boats to turn end for end, and over this course we had to be content to do our timing.

Just as we started to go over the course it was discovered that one of the blades of the propeller was broken off close to the hub, but as there was no other wheel available it was decided to try the boat under these rather adverse conditions, the result being that she covered the course four times at an average interval of 45½ seconds. A number of gentlemen told me they had timed the boat over the course before the wheel was broken at 41 and 42 seconds, which seems quite reasonable, so giving the boat the benefit of the doubt she makes 21½ miles. This is the highest speed we have yet

heard of a Dolphin making and the Rochester people deserve great credit for the outfit as it is fully a mile and a half faster than the Dolphin II, although under the A.P.B.A. rules the boats would rate about equal.

What struck me most forcibly, aside from the speed, was the stability of the boat and the perfect control of the engine as it could be run at almost any speed by the movement of one lever. Does anybody know of a speedier Dolphin? If so, let me know as I would like to see her. A large number of Dolphins have been built in different parts of the world in the last 12 months, or since we first issued the book *How to Build a Speed Launch*. Most of these boats have been built by amateurs, some of whom changed the design slightly by lengthening, making it wider, or reducing the draught, and others did all three. All the reports received by us indicate the boat to be a thorough success wherever built. So successful has she been that many of the designers have adopted the idea, simply changing by rounding the bilge. They put in large power and have succeeded in getting some very fast boats.

Doubtless if any of you are sitting in an easy chair at home with this number open before you, wondering what kind of a power boat you are going to have this summer, and the question naturally arises in your mind as to whether it will be a racer(?) or a cruiser (?). Some of you may be fortunate enough to get both, but to those who have but one, well, they will have to think hard and then choose the one that is sure to give them the most pleasure.

My favorite is the cruiser in the long run. But I must say it is a great pleasure to have a fast boat, one that you can pass them all in with a little speed up your sleeve, as the saying is. But, of course, one man can have such a boat, but it will take a long time to discover who that man is, and after he is found it will, in all likelihood, be but a short time before some other fellow comes along and does just a little better and then, of course, he is the man.

There are a lot of enthusiasts who are contemplating the building of racers, to try and wrest the honor of having the fastest boat from a certain man whom you have read about in our pages, and it will certainly be interesting when they get together; that is, if they ever do, and I certainly hope they will, for it will have the tendency of developing the best possible lines and conditions of the hull as well as developing the engine problem to such an extent that we can have a perfect running engine that will occupy the least possible space and of real light weight, and this type of engine will be useful to the world for other purposes besides that of launch racing.

It is interesting to see how many people are working on racing machines and it is evident that the next few years will bring out a type of racer that will make distance seem short and will enable the business man to have a country home quite some distance from the city his business is done in, and yet go home in his racer in a very short time and be independent of the railroads. This is done at the present time, but in large and very expensive steam yachts, having a large crew aboard. But when the small power boat is fully developed it will be an inexpensive means

The Early Allure of Power Boating

Reprinted from *The Rudder*, March 1903

The Racer or the Cruiser?

of transit, or at least comparatively so, and will be within the means of a great many who cannot now afford it.

From all appearances there will be a large business done in fast boats this year. But the peculiar feature about it is that there are no two builders with the same idea as to shape and construction of hull or engine, but almost all of them are leaving the old idea of shape out of it and are trying to develop original designs, and I wish them all luck.

The cruiser takes my attention most, for after all there is no pleasure greater than that attained from a good long cruise where you can get away from business for a time, and leave all your troubles and cares behind and still take your home with you and have a pleasant change of scene each hour in the day, and there surely is no more healthful way to spend one's time for both mind and body.

Cruising in a small power boat is becoming very popular and it is a recreation that has come to stay, and too much cannot be said in its favor. It is a pleasure that can be indulged in by people who live almost anywhere in this country as there are lots of rivers, streams, and lakes, many of which are joined by canals, so you see that the sport is not limited to those of you who live on or near the coast.

The cost of a cruiser, if not indulged in too luxuriously, is very inexpensive and is within the means of every one of you who can afford to spend the summer at the seaside. Much more could be said in favor of cruising but will leave it to your own imagination and will end this article by asking which shall it be, a Racer or a Cruiser?

Prospective Buyers

Owing to the continued high prices of the material (both wood and metal), the builders say that the prices of power boats will not be lower than now for the rest of the season, so those of you who are holding off, expecting prices to drop, had better put in your orders now and get your outfit in time.

Both the engine makers and boat builders are doing a large business this year and they all seem happy. I make this assertion as I have just been on a trip and have spoken to many of them personally.

One thing in particular that I noticed, and want to call your attention to, is that many of the builders who advertise boats on hand for immediate delivery are almost sold out now and are working on orders, so don't wait until the last minute to buy but get your order in. Don't lay too much stress on the wording of their ads as they are compelled to word them so it will attract your attention.

Even the large builders will sell out all stock on hand in a short time, and if you have to wait for your launch until the middle of the summer it is your own fault and you deserve losing your pleasure.

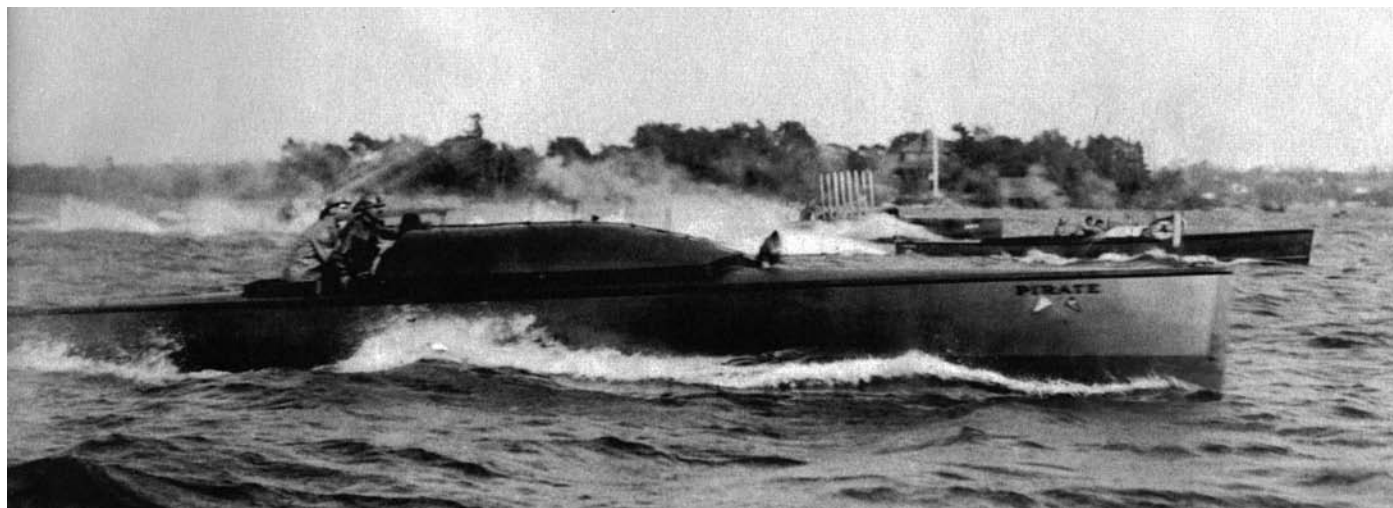
A Call to Arms

All of you who are interested in power craft are hereby called on to send in to this office, for use in the Power Number of *The Rudder*, which issues on May 1, all photographs, lines of power boats, articles on power and hulls, cruisers, and, in fact, anything that is really interesting to the general reader. We do not say that we will publish them all but we are going to make the Power Number one that will be remembered.

So if you have any unusual photographs of unusual power boats or laughable articles, good cruises, or anything really good, send it along. Don't forget that we want to hear from the interior states as well as those on the coasts.

Make a try at it, we can't do more than refuse to print them so send them along for the good of the sport and not later than April 4. Be sure to sign each article with your full name and address, also put your name on the back of all photographs and drawings so that we know who owns them.

The raceboats *Pirate*, *Pawnee*, and *Chip III* competing in the 1908 Gold Cup races somewhere off Chippewa Bay, a short distance downriver from Clayton. Not shown in this photo is *Dixie II*, driven by Jonathan Wainwright, the eventual winner of that year's trophy. This photo, donated by Betty and Ernie King, is but one of many historic photographs in the Museum's Lou Smith Library/Marion Clayton Link Archives. **(Editor Comments:** This photo graced the cover of the Antique Boat Museum's *Gazette Annual 2008*. Ernie King is a former raceboat driver and long time *MAIB* subscriber.)





Merry Macs at the starting line.

On July 19 the Great Bay Yacht Club of Dover New Hampshire, celebrated its 50th anniversary by hosting the Ned McIntosh Regatta, a gathering of Merry Mac sailboats built by Ned. Having influenced generations of wooden boat builders, Ned is something of a legend in the Seacoast region of New Hampshire. Over the years Ned and his brother Bud built hundreds of boats. Bud is no longer with us but Ned, at age 92, is very much with us.

Ned's most successful design just might be the Merry Mac, a small, seaworthy plywood catboat. In true Yankee fashion Ned has said that the boat ended up being 13½' in length because plywood came in 14' lengths. The first two boats were built around 1950 so Ned could race his friend, Philbrook Paine. Soon after Ned started selling Merry Macs. Ned told me, "I didn't make much money but collected a lot of friends and fun." He's also said, "How did I ever drive so many nails?"

The 1950s are too early for me to remember, but in 1965 at age ten I received a Merry Mac as a birthday present. She was a used boat, #131, named *Maverick*. By then Merry Macs were a common sight on the Piscataqua River where I did most of my sailing. Through my high school years there were regular races for the Merry Mac class but my friends and I mostly used our boats to explore small islands and waterways.

Most summers our gang had four boats and we usually traveled three to a boat. Some days we'd sail to a beach and swim, other days we'd drop anchor and swim off the side of the boats. Sometimes we'd invent crazy races. I remember one in particular. The boats were

Ned McIntosh Regatta

By Jack Beard

Photos by Linda Sheehan and Mike Hearn

anchored in knee-deep water off the beach at Fort Foster, Gerrish Island, Maine. We began the race at the far end of the beach, running down the beach and into the water. There was a flurry of activity as we pulled up anchors, raised sails, and headed across the river to the New Hampshire side. There we approached the Coast Guard cutter tied up in New Castle and banged the side of the ship with an oar (this was long before "homeland security"). There was a quick come about and we finished the "race" on Gooseberry Island in Pepperrell Cove where the grass was soft and we shared a lunch of locally grown apples.

Over the years I had to have a few repairs made to my boat but I've tried to get her into the water most summers. It's a great joy to sail with my daughter in the boat that I grew up sailing. While the waters have gotten much more crowded, Merry Macs have vanished from the region I sail. So imagine my surprise when I learned last spring that there was to be a gathering of Merry Macs on Great Bay. I immediately went online and registered for the event. The Great Bay Yacht Club has a small dock on the Piscataqua River, the same river I grew up sailing on but miles from the waters I know.

On the morning of July 19 there were more than a dozen Merry Macs tied up to the dock and an excited buzz was in the air. Race time was scheduled for noon and as the hour approached more boats seemed to magically appear. I saw a boat being rigged in the salt grass where moments before there had been no evidence of a boat. Sailboats were being launched from lawns that lined the shore. By race time there were 19 Merry Macs sailing. These boats were mostly more than a half a century in age as were most of the sailors.

Ned sailed with his wife and daughter. How does one describe 92-year-old Ned McIntosh sailing a Merry Mac? Years of experience have produced a natural sailor, completely at ease in his environment. He sails with a calmness and confidence. It was inspirational to see.

The races themselves (there were three short races) were more social affairs than competitive events. Crews exchanged compliments. "Wow, wooden hoops on that mast." "Nice hat." "How come your boat's so fast?" Skippers noticed small individual touches and variations from boat to boat. During the races there were no major "events." One boat capsized before the second race but was bailed out and ready to sail before the start of the last race. There were a few "intimate encounters" with the windward course marker. But other than that it was just a bunch of beautiful old boats sailing from mark to mark.

After the race there was food and socializing. Winners were announced but I don't recall the names. Every skipper received a commemorative bowl made by Salmon Falls Stoneware. I would have enjoyed hearing an exchange of stories about the boats but that's a minor quibble. The day was an exceptional day which will not soon be forgotten. Let's hope it's not another 50 years before another such event. There is a rumor circulating that the Ned McIntosh Regatta may become an annual event.

Leaving the dock, everyone wants a photo of Ned (at center in boat).



The Regatta bowl.





Susan Gateley's skiff, they are still trying to learn the origins of this boat, possibly an early 1900s livery skiff.

The Pleasant Beach Wooden Boat Show

By Greg Grundtisch

August 14 was the day and Fair Haven, New York, was the location for this show. The Pleasant Beach Hotel sponsored the event. This is a historic bed and breakfast on the water overlooking Little Sodus Bay on Lake Ontario. This is a beautiful location for messing about in boats as well as staying a while and enjoying the excellent food and accommodations.

There were all types of boats represented in this very enjoyable show, from small home-built canoes and skiffs to schooners. After looking at the boats and talking to several of the builders and owners, Naomi and I were invited to sail on *Sara B*, a Tancook Whaler. She is owned and being lovingly restored, by Susan and Chris Gateley. She sails from the docks of the Pleasant Beach Hotel where she takes out guests for evening sails as part of the B&B package.

Susan and Chris also do a lot of cruising with her and they are both quite knowledgeable about the Lake Ontario history and ecology, as well as boat building and restoration. Check out their website at sarab.brownroad.com. You will really have an enjoyable time

on it, and it has video of *Sara B* under sail. It's really good.

The lovely and talented Naomi and I had the pleasure of sailing this unique and beautiful vessel. This was our first sail of the season and it was fantastic. When Naomi took over the tiller the wind freshened, *Sara B* heeled over a little more, lifted her skirt, and sailed on over some beautiful Lake Ontario rollers with a bone in her teeth as the saying goes. It was a perfect sailing scene. There was good wind, good company, and a good boat. We couldn't ask for better.

We eventually had to head back in, had a beverage or two with the captains and crew, and then had to depart for home. But we were smiling brightly knowing what a good time we had at this show and sailing on *Sara B*.

H. and Bonnie Scoville did a great job putting together this show. They are the owners of the Pleasant Beach Hotel. Their hard work made this a successful first show and plans are in the works to make next year's show even better.

Check out the hotel's website at www.pleasantbeach.com. It has some interesting information about the history of the hotel as well as current info about the B&B. Little Sodus Bay is a scenic location to mess about in boats. Very well protected by the surrounding hills, lots of nooks and crannies to explore, and an easy sail or row to the main part of the lake. Bring a boat, stay awhile, and enjoy some sweet water messing. Happy sails!



Sara B.

Shoreside displays.



A bright finished sloop and two Tancook Whalers, all owner built.

A traditional wood/canvas canoe graces the front lawn of the Pleasant Beach Hotel.





Ramsey's Dream is a home-built Tahiti ketch.

Nautical stuff.



Trailer boats, a traditional canoe and two early wooden runabouts.

An owner-built Antonio Dias design



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In late October more than two dozen volunteers from the greater Portland area joined the Maine Island Trail Association (MITA), the Ocean Conservancy, and the Island Institute in a clean-up of the islands in Casco Bay. The clean-up was the last in a string of semi-annual island clean-ups sponsored by MITA spanning the entire coast of Maine. The island clean-ups represent just one of the many stewardship services MITA provides along the Maine Island Trail, the 350-mile "water trail" of islands accessible to kayakers and other boaters for day use or overnight camping.

The Casco Bay clean-up was particularly notable because of the number of participants involved and the unique collaboration between conservation organizations. Volunteers from as far away as Massachusetts and New Hampshire joined forces with Portland area residents to remove more than 30 bags of trash, several tires, and a number of miscellaneous bulky items from the shorelines of a half-dozen uninhabited islands in the bay. Boats provided by local residents worked alongside MITA's skiffs and a vessel captained by John Williamson of Ocean Conservancy to transport volunteers to and from the islands and carry trash back to the mainland.

Meanwhile, on Chebeague Island a team of island residents mobilized by the

Casco Bay Clean-up

By Tom Franklin, MITA

Island Institute fellow Thea Youngs cleaned the shore of the island that they call home. "The outpouring of support from the greater Portland and Chebeague Island communities for this clean-up is really significant," according to Brian Marcaurelle, MITA's Stewardship Director. "It signals a real connection to Casco Bay and a concern among locals for its upkeep."

For Portland resident Meagan Hayes the day was as much about adventure as it was stewardship. "Getting to spend such a glorious fall day exploring an island was the true reward. There is no better way to spend a day than outside on the islands MITA works so hard to maintain. Picking up a few bags of trash is the least we can all do to say Thank You!" One out-of-state couple of MITA die-hards were actually celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary on the clean-up.

In addition to gathering shoreline trash, the volunteers were also collecting data on the marine debris they found. Using data col-

lection cards designed by the Ocean Conservancy, the volunteers catalogued each piece of debris they picked up before bagging it. "The data will give us a better sense of the make-up and extent of marine debris in Casco Bay," Marcaurelle said. "Our findings then can be compared to data taken from Ocean Conservancy-sponsored clean-ups around the globe to give us a clearer picture of where Maine fits relative to the rest of the world."

With a staff of only seven and a modest budget, MITA has cared for islands along the entire coast by leveraging volunteers for 20 years. MITA organizes island clean-ups in the spring and again in the fall, monitors all the islands during the summer season, educates users in "Leave No Trace" practices, and establishes use guidelines and limits when necessary to protect island flora and fauna.

MITA volunteers and other members are rewarded for their contributions of time and dollars with access to some of the most beautiful islands in the world. Memberships of \$45 (\$65 family) provide a season's access to some of these wild and beautiful treasures. And by volunteering their labor, they gain the direct satisfaction of community service that keeps these treasures sparkling.

More information about MITA is available at www.mita.org.



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Background

For close to 20 years Jim Michalak has been hosting the Midwest Messabout at Rend Lake in southern Illinois. He has kept coming back to the Gun Creek campsite (<http://www.mvs.usace.army.mil/rend/Maps/GunCamp.html>) as it tends to be less heavily used. But it has some limitations. Since 2000 or so the event has grown quite dramatically, at least in part due to the promotional efforts of Max Wawrzyniak on various online forums.

The result is that the event has gotten split between two loops of the campground (Cardinal and Bluejay), making it rather difficult to stay truly in touch with the rest of the gang. One attendee described it as "A Tale of Two Messabouts."

The other catalyst was wind. Lot of it! Twenty-mile-per-hour winds wouldn't be so bad but Gun Creek is at the northeast end of the lake. Given that the prevailing wind is southwest, this wide, shallow lake dealt out a steep 2' chop for most of the weekend. Few boats were launched and even fewer for very long.

While the problem is normally light wind, it seemed worth looking into alternatives. A few of us regulars have been mulling it over and Jim gave us the go-ahead to try this for a year and see how it goes.

On Sunday after the event I followed Kilburn Adams and Bill Dulin (both with SkiffAmericas) over to the North Sandusky campground (<http://www.mvs.usace.army.mil/rend/Maps/NsanCam.html>). Here we found what seems like the ideal setting for a messabout. Sandusky Cove still had wind but no fetch for waves to build up. The entire cove is a no-wake zone and because of its "fingers" one can always find a sheltered area.

The first loop (Pintail) has an ideal large site (10) near the point for "messabout central."



Pintail 10: Here's a view from just past that site the point containing the Ringneck campsites can be seen.

Pintail Past 10: There's beaching on the other side of the Pintail point as well. It can't be seen, but the launch ramp is just past that point.



Moving the Midwest Messabout for 2009

By Rob Rohde-Szudy

This is a request for feedback RIGHT AWAY. If you have come to the Midwest Messabout at Rend Lake, or are considering it for 2009, read on. This proposed change to a better location will need participant reservations for campsites this month (December)!



Pintail Past 11: Site 11 is pretty spacious as well. It would also work for "messabout central."



Pintail 11 from Loop: Here's a view looking back at the other sites from Site 10. This is much more shaded than Gun Creek.



Pintail from 10.

At Gun Creek we used up 18 sites on two loops with a bit of doubling up and a bit of overflow. At North Sandusky we could do the same on one loop, the one that is closest to the launch ramp, showers, and playground. Of particular note is that shorter walk to the launch ramp. There is a camper's convenience store just outside the campground but it would be a few minutes drive to get to the customary greasy spoon near Gun Creek.

You can read a version of this article with more photos in color at <http://www.duckworksmagazine.com/08/gatherings/moving/index.htm>.

Logistics

Here's the rub. North Sandusky is more popular than Gun Creek, and I guess for obvious reasons. This means that we will have to be really organized if we want to take over a loop for the messabout. This will be sort of like getting concert tickets. I am prepared to watch the reservation system and let everyone know the moment those dates are made available. This should be right around December 10, 2008. Then all those who are planning to go would need to spring into action and reserve sites before non-messaboutsers snap them up.

I will keep track of who has what site, who has extra sites to "sublet" or space to share, and who needs a site. I would especially like to hear from those who will be ready to pounce on multiple reservations early so we can form a coordinated effort.

Don't forget to contact me if you plan to reserve a site or sites! Thanks in advance.

Rob Rohde-Szudy, 2981 Fish Hatchery Rd, Fitchburg, WI 53713, robrohdeszudy@yahoo.com.



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43° 20.9'N - 70° 28.7'W

Well, here we are again back on the Chesapeake, our fourth (or fifth?) trip. We intended to take the Dismal Swamp Canal route rather than the Virginia Cut. I am convinced that the fifth force of nature is the attraction between the lowest point of our boat and the highest point of water bottom within 500 yards. The Currituck Sound portion of the latter route offers many opportunities for this force to enjoy itself at our expense.

The problem was that the Elizabeth City Bridge, which is the gateway to the Dismal Swamp canal, was having problems and opening only twice a day (9am and 5:30pm). Being that it was a Saturday we thought that it would be crowded with boats trying to get through at 5:30 and Elizabeth City is too far away for us to reach at the earlier time. Besides we had been trapped by the same bridge breaking down when it was supposedly in good shape. We did not want to go the distance and not be able to get through so (sigh) we would try the dreaded Virginia Cut.

The first part of the trip was uneventful, finding us at Coinjock at day's end. We stayed at the Midway Marina and the only problem was that the ten-hour trip in the heat about wiped us out. We faced the Currituck Sound part of the trip the next day and solved both problems as follows: Going through Currituck Sound we would follow our good friends, the Honeycutts. They have a 5' draft and ours is 4.5'. (Get the idea?) To solve the overheating problem we decided to use our "flapper" which we use to shade our cockpit when at anchor but never when we were underway. It extends from the back of the dodger to a pole strung between our split backstay and then down to the stern railing giving almost complete shade. Good idea. (Right!)

All went well until we reached Great Bridge Lock. There were quite a few boats waiting to enter and we were one of the many. We brought the boat into the lock and I got the bow line to the one lock hand and then came the first error. It became obvious when Kay (at the helm) looked at me and me at her and both said, "Throw him the stern line." Yikes! Where was the stern line and who was to throw it? Of course, the gremlins that haunt sailors immediately and gleefully took advantage of the situation and the wind caught our stern and threatened to flip us around into the boat in front of us.

I scrambled to the back and grabbed the errant line and then... mistakes two and three, the second lock hand tried to catch the stern line (and failed) twice with the boat hook when he could have simply grabbed it by hand. And then mistake four, the first lock hand helpfully dropped our bow line into the water insuring that if we put our motor in gear we would tangle the line and possibly separate the propeller shaft from the boat bottom.

I scrambled forward to pull the bow line on board (I did a lot of scrambling during these events) and shouted to Kay to back us out of the lock (avoiding other incoming boats in the process) so that we could make a new entry. For those who don't know, sailboats under the best conditions back to their inner drummer, not to one's instructions. Kay turned around to back the boat. Remember the flapper? She could not see a thing other than the tucked down blue flapper! Ultimately she had to crouch down on the floor to peer under the flapper while attempting to back the boat.

During all this, besides breaking the antenna off another boat, we endured the

Waterlogged

Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound

Part 4

Summer 2000 Chesapeake Bay Cruise

By Carl Adler

lock hands shouting useful instructions at us like, "what are you doing?" "take a boat-ing course." Anyway, Kay got the boat to the lock side and we got it tied up with no damage to our boat or to any other. We then commenced with a calm, intellectual discussion as to the cause of the recent occurrences.

After that all went reasonably according to plan. (Right!) We had picked a Sunday to come into Norfolk since during the week two of the bridges we had to pass through are under opening restrictions. So all was clear. Well, almost. There was a fire on one side of the bridges and the fire trucks were on the other side. So no openings until the fire was out. Darn, again. After that, nothing to report except we arrived eventually, after another long day, at Norfolk's Waterside Marina. Coming into Norfolk we did spot sort of a half-size destroyer with the peculiar name *HS EEEEE* with the last *E* twice the size of the other. Neither of us could imagine the significance or meaning.

The next day we were to leave for Salt Ponds on the Chesapeake in Hampton. The problem was that the winds were to blow at 20+ knots from the southwest and we knew from past experience that exiting Norfolk Harbor with winds like that could be very uncomfortable. Never having been one to successfully figure out what to do under circumstances like that, I nonetheless predicted, based on topography and tides, that if we left the entrance (Hampton Bridge Tunnel) at around 10:40am all should be well and even comfortable.

It is about an hour and a half from Waterside to the exit into the Bay at the Hampton Tunnel and on the way things looked grim. At one point Kay said, "You know, if you called this wrong there are three people who are going want to make you walk the plank." (The Honeycutts were traveling with us). I was lucky, the passage was smooth despite the wind and we are now in one of our favorite marinas, Salt Ponds on Chesapeake Bay. We arrived yesterday and are glad to relax and enjoy the very pleasant atmosphere and the restaurant where we have always enjoyed the food. My only regret is they no longer have Oyster Shooters (one-third raw oyster, one-third Tabasco sauce, and one-third beer), the perfectly balanced meal.

We planned to leave Salt Ponds on Wednesday, two days after arriving, but alas, rain and thunderstorms all day Wednesday and Thursday kept us in place. The forecast for Friday seemed almost ideal, clear skies and winds from the north at 10kts or less. Since we were heading north the wind direction was not great but at 10kts or less... "no problem." I should know better than to trust NOAA. When we

pulled out into the bay the winds were blowing 20+ from the north and the head seas were running at 4' to 5' right on our nose. There is nothing like green water breaking over the bow of your boat and the wave running down your deck straight at you to wake you up in the morning. Better than coffee!

Our goal was to get above the Rappahannock River in order to reach The Solomons on Saturday night. Not to be. Slow progress due to the head seas and our tired skeletal frames dictated a stop short of the goal. We went into Jackson Creek at Stingray Point on the Piankatank for the night. Our friends, the Honeycutts, elected to join us there. Both going in and coming out of Jackson Creek we saw... (pause here for dramatic effect)... lots of stingrays. Certainly an aptly named location. While at Jackson Creek we were able to swim due to the almost total absence of jellyfish. A big improvement over our previous trips.

We left Jackson Creek for the Great Wicomico and after about four hours arrived without adventure or misadventure (thankfully). We rafted up with our friends at Sandy Point and enjoyed a peaceful and pretty day punctuated at its end by numerous fireworks displays. We left there yesterday (Sunday) with a forecast of SW winds switching to the south. Perfect sailing conditions for a northward passage.

Damn NOAA! The winds did start out from the west and we were able to sail... for about 45 minutes, when the winds inexplicably shifted to the north (AGAIN!). Back to the motor! I choose to, in this rare instance, classify myself as a "gentleman," as in "gentlemen never sail to weather," thus the motor. We made it to The Solomons where we are now safely in a slip at one of the prettiest marinas we know, Spring Cove. (Also the most expensive and the only one without cable TV so far.)

The Honeycutts elected to travel up the Patuxent to Saint Leonards Creek and Vera's Tropical Resort where we both enjoyed good times in the past. They just joined us at the Solomons about a half-hour ago and will have to depart tomorrow to head south again and home and work. Our plans at this point are flexible. Possibly seeing which way the proverbial wind blows before we set out, for it seems certain that if we choose a direction to start, the winds will choose the opposite.

We have noticed the presence of lots of pelicans all the way up the bay. When we first came on the bay we saw none once we left the vicinity of the mouth of the bay. Ten years ago we stopped at Smith Island 20 miles south of here and I asked about pelicans and was told that the last one was seen in the 1920s. Quite a change.

Boat names of note: For those who like double meanings, *Let Me Sea*; for the few who like to tempt fate, *Bottoms Up*; guaranteed to cause confusion in an emergency, *False Alarm* (the only worse name I could think of is to name a boat *May Day*); Come again, *The Abominable Snowman*, *No Egrets*.

If we are any measure, the happiest moment of a cruiser's life is the moment after arriving safely in a slip. I use the term "moment" deliberately because in approximately 27 seconds after docking I start worrying about, "How am I going to get out of this slip?" (Unstated, of course, is the question, "I wonder how many boats I will destroy in the process?") Spring Cove Marina is especially

challenging for many of the slips have scarcely a boat length of space behind our boat and the berthed boats behind. No room to back and turn without running the risk of joining some other boat's crew up close and personal.

So leaving a slip, depending on the wind, involves lots of (practical) physics. Tie a rope here. Bumper there. Pull this. Lever that. Shove here. And... we are out. Oops, forgot to disconnect the power cord, Damn. Do it again. Too bad my training is in theoretical physics. Nonetheless, without disaster, we left Spring Cove yesterday. We stayed for four days as we really enjoy this marina. Spent the last day relaxing by the pool readings our books. For those who have not been there, Spring Cove has a parklike atmosphere, nicely wooded, well kept, picnic tables and park grills scattered about. Very pleasant. I should also mention the outstanding and PRIVATE bathroom/shower facilities. Perhaps what we like best is that everyone, staff and boaters, is very friendly.

Sometimes it was difficult to walk the dock to our boat without being stopped by people wanting to talk. That is how I met Steve Smith. Steve is a retired planetarium director, ex-sailor, and trawler owner (the last two may be redundant as I have never met a trawler owner who was not also an ex-sailor). Ultimately Steve and his wife invited Kay and I to join them atop their flying bridge of their Marine Trader trawler to watch the July 4th fireworks. Like all "ancient mariners" we have talked about getting a trawler many times and welcomed the chance to get a close look at theirs. Our overall reaction while standing at the steering station (high up!) on the flying bridge was, "this is intimidating."

Since leaving Edenton we have had several problems. The knotmeter, which worked fine the week before, suddenly no longer worked, becoming instead a random number generator. When I went to pull the through hull transducer it was jammed so thoroughly that I broke the pulling bail. There is no way this could happen, but it did and I am still puzzled by it and probably will be until we have the boat pulled in the fall.

By pure serendipity we had an alternative. Before leaving we had ferried Kay's car to Salt Ponds for our use when we got there. Not wanting to leave the GPS in the car we left it aboard the boat. Kay said at the time, "although I can't imagine why we need three GPSs on board." Well, as it turned out, the GPS from the car has a speedometer feature, we mounted it at the steering station with Velcro and we had our knotmeter. If President Clinton had not ordered the "Selective Availability" for the GPS system this would not have been an option as the speed feature of the GPS was notoriously unreliable under previous conditions. Now it is fine. A regular knotmeter measures speed through the water whereas a GPS measures speed over ground, which if a current is present, is not the same thing. Actually, the GPS output is more useful. So no loss there.

We also have had some problems with our air conditioner. It shares a through hull with the head sink and for whatever reason (change in trim, buoyancy of salt water?) it started sucking air through the sink rather than water through the through hull which caused it to overheat and shut down. Easily solved by plugging the drain in the sink (or so I thought). On the hottest day at Spring Cove, after walking to a shopping center to buy groceries, walking back to return the cart, cart-

ing ice from the marina store and generally dieing from the heat, the AC shut down just as I sat down to enjoy it.

Something happened that had never happened before. We had sucked a jellyfish into the air conditioner! Yes, indeed, we had puree of jellyfish. What a mess to clean up and yes, jellyfish soup can still sting. The same event occurred the next day and it also happened to the Honeycuts before they left. The technical term for this is "Yuck."

On the evening before we left a mute swan and her two half-grown cygnets joined us. I had truly never appreciated the children's story, *The Ugly Duckling*. Baby chickens are cute, baby ducks are cute, baby swans define ugly. But still nice to see.

After leaving Spring Cove we decided to let the winds decide our destination. Depending on conditions when we reached the mouth of the Patuxent River, we would either head north to Oxford, east to Crisfield, or south to the Rappahannock. We got to the mouth, the winds were from the NE, we went south. Shortly after leaving the Patuxent, not 10' from the boat, a large shark surfaced and grabbed something on the surface. Whatever it grabbed, the grabbee didn't like it as there was much boiling and thrashing at the surface for a few seconds. Kay was not pleased as I hummed a few bars from *Jaws*.

It was an easy trip south and we decided to put in at Mill Creek off the Great Wicomico. We had not been there before but all the cruising books highly recommend it and it lived up to our expectations. Beautiful. More like a small lake with high wooded shores, it was really protected, as it turned out possibly too much so. The next morning all was peaceful. NOAA said winds from the north at 10kts. All was well until we pulled out of Mill Creek and discovered 20kt winds from the north. We should have expected this since it was exactly one week since we came out of Salt Ponds into exactly the same conditions. The reason we have the seven-day week on our calendar is that weather tends to repeat itself every seven days and so it did. This time, however, we were headed south, not north. It was bumpy but doable. We headed to Windmill Point and then to Jackson Creek where we are now at anchor.

Nothing noteworthy happened at Jackson Creek other than we finally used our dinghy which has followed us patiently everywhere. We used it to go into Deltaville Marine for ice. While almost all cruisers use small gas motors for propulsion, we do not like to carry gas on a Diesel-powered boat. So we use an electric motor. Not wanting to invest much money in something that might not turn out to be satisfactory, we opted for a small electric motor, almost a toy, marketed by Sevlor. It really is satisfactory but rather flimsy. In a nice wind halfway to the marina the motor quit working. Fortunately I discovered that if I held the "off" button "on" the motor would run (?). Time for a new electric motor.

The only other points of interest (to us) while at Jackson Creek were two short calls from our children, Chris called to tell us he was enjoying Aruba and thought that he would stay forever, and Dawn called with a short message, "I saw *The Perfect Storm* last night, Get off that boat!"

After leaving Jackson Creek we headed for the East River off Mobjack Bay where we have anchored before in a little bay across from Put-in Creek. We were able to sail most of the way that day at 6+ knots, really nice.

The day was great, the ending less so, when we tried to anchor that afternoon, nothing but trouble. The anchor would set but when we tried to back down on it, our plow type anchor (Delta) simply plowed through the muck. We had not had this problem in the past and despite trying to anchor in several different places it persisted until we finally got a reasonable set. In the middle of the night when the wind shifted 180 degrees I stayed up for a couple of hours on anchor watch. The next morning the anchor came up way too easy!

A few years ago we anchored at the same place along with a local boat, *Cotton-tail*, a beautiful Pearson 40. Yesterday I had a chance to talk to them and asked them about their experience. They use a large fluke style anchor (Fortress) which might work better than ours in soft mud. They told me that they never went back and that most locals use the North River for an anchorage on Mobjack Bay. They also said that the Ware River offers a sandy bottom at some locations.

Our plan for the next day, depending on the weather, was to either stay in place (immediately abandoned upon discovering the poor holding) or sail to Kiptopeke Beach on the tip of the Eastern Shore. Kiptopeke, now a state park (1992), is an artificial harbor created by sinking nine large concrete ships towed there from Texas. It was a ferry terminus prior to the opening of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel. The next day the winds were fine for the crossing but small craft warnings for the following day called for high winds from the southwest and we certainly did not want to cross back into those winds. Normally we would have waited the weather out at Kiptopeke but the cruising guides were conflicted on the protection available at Kiptopeke. So... Salt Ponds it was and there we are now. We will head for Waterside in Norfolk in a couple of days, meanwhile we count our blessings as the winds were as predicted for today hitting a high of 49mph early this morning.

Boat names of note: I did not know that the Chesapeake Bay extended to Minnesota, *Zamboni*; I wonder what he means by that? *Little Damn Boat*; Must have been an orthopedist calling an anesthesiologist, "*Pain Killer, Pain Killer... Joint Venture* calling;"

I guess the last part of our trip can be summarized: We no longer need 56' of clearance to go under a bridge, 53' will do nicely now. We left Salt Ponds on Wednesday for Waterside (Marina) in Norfolk. It is a short, three-hour trip and presented no problems with the exception of one very large container ship, *Sea-land Intrepid*, entering Hampton Roads at the same time as we were. It was the largest ship I have ever seen, bigger than any aircraft carrier or battleship, at least so it seemed. To be safe we moved over to the left side of the channel, figuring that it would go in on the right side as normal. Alas, it hugged the left side of the channel forcing us out of it and into a maze of dredges and such. As big as the boat is, it may have been simultaneously hugging both sides of the channel. When it went by us it felt like we were at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. Very strange indeed.

We stayed at Waterside for two days and used the occasion to visit The Nauticus, The National Maritime Center. There was a lot there but overall a disappointment. Many of the interactive exhibits were poorly done if they worked at all. I think we were disappointed because, having been to the spectacular Virginia Marine Science Museum in near-

by Virginia Beach, we expected too much.

On Thursday I called the Dismal Swamp Visitor Center and learned that the bridge at Elizabeth City had been fixed that day (well, sort of, as it turned out) and would open on demand starting on Friday. Great news, we would not have to take the dreaded Virginia Cut without our trusted escorts, the Honeycutts, long since returned to North Carolina. In fact, not wanting to take any chances on it closing again, we decided to leave on Friday.

The Dismal Swamp route requires us to pass through five bridges (three normally open) on the southern branch of the Elizabeth River. One regret we had when we left Waterside was that on our entire trip we had failed to see any porpoises, but almost immediately that was removed as a group of about a dozen joined us and escorted us all the way to the Jordan Highway Bridge. That bridge is my least favorite. It is one where the whole center span lifts vertically to a height of up to 142'. Sounds great but the lift operator lifts it only high enough for you to pass under it and you always wonder if he got it right. He did!

We leave the river at the (misnamed) Deep Creek and at the town of Deep Creek we enter a lock to be lifted 8' (to protect the water level in Lake Drummond in the Dismal Swamp), unlike the lock at Great Bridge on the Virginia Cut route which adjusts for tidal difference, and when we passed through it dropped us a grand total of 6". Anyone who knows me would not be surprised to learn that we arrived at the lock an hour early and as we expected it was closed. I called the lock operator on VHF 13 so that he would know we were standing by for his 11:00 opening. Much to our surprise the lock operator replied, "Welcome back, *Spindrift*, I will let you in early so that you can tie up and relax." And so he did. He had us tied up without us having to do anything and then brought us each a cup of coffee. What a change from the rudeness and ineptitude (some of it mine) at Great Bridge three weeks before.

After leaving the lock we have to pass through another bridge and enter the canal itself. The only problem (or so I thought) with this route is that there is a lot of floating debris, usually logs, stumps, and such but also possibly dead bears and on one occasion a live bull. As I was congratulating myself on my skill at dodging everything that came along I had occasion to remember a story I read in *Readers Digest* many years ago. There is a road in India, 500 miles long which has exactly one tree along its length, on which tree two people have been killed in separate accidents by running into it. Well, there are a lot of trees along the canal and they all, save one, have been well trimmed back by the Army Corps of Engineers. Yes, I hit that one with my mast and lost my 3' VHF antenna at the mast top. Drats!

The other problem with the Dismal Swamp route at certain times is biting flies, the yellow ones. At this time of year they are not as big a problem as they would have been earlier but at times they were quite nasty and repellent only works for about ten minutes. Fortunately for me they seem to prefer "food" of Mediterranean origin and really did a nasty job on Kay while generally leaving me alone.

We leave the canal at South Mills in North Carolina passing first through a bridge and then into a lock where we are dropped 8' into the upper Pasquotank River which continues down to Elizabeth City. The upper

Pasquotank is absolutely beautiful and, given that this route is poorly traveled (we saw two boats in 40 miles) we feel like we are on the African Queen. Really a pleasant trip. As we neared Elizabeth City the winds picked up from the south gusting up to 25kts. We had to choose a marina. The Pelican Marina is relatively unprotected and in any case, by the time we got there no one would be around to help and having never been there we did not want to risk going in blind.

There is a small, protected marina just as we passed through the bridge and we hoped to use it. We called the bridge as we approached and were told that yes it would open but they were still having problems and could only get one span to open. Oh well, we got through but the little marina was full and that left only the Elizabeth City free docks. We had been there ten years before and were unimpressed. The free slips are open to the SE and are difficult to get into and out of under those conditions as well as uncomfortable. But the winds were from the south and predicted to move to the SW so in we went. We were tired after 11 hours and definitely were in an "any port in a storm" mood.

Yes, as you might expect the next day the winds switched to the SE! We were helped into the slip by Bob and Jean off the Camano trawler *High Cotton*, also in a slip there. We had first seen the very attractive Camano compact trawler a year before while anchored on the Scuppernong River near Columbia, North Carolina, although at the time we did not know what it was or that Wolfgang Dietrich at the International Yacht Center in Columbia was the US distributor.

On the trip up to the Chesapeake three weeks before with the Honeycutts we stopped at Waterside and both ended up in slips next to one of these boats. For the first time we learned what it was and also saw up close that it was indeed very nice. On our return trip into Waterside a few days before we again ended up near one. This one, *Fire Dog III*, was owned by Ray Smith, an associate of Wolfgang's, and we were given information on it and a tour. Indeed it was very nice and well done, but at about \$150,000 for what is really a 28' boat it is a bit pricey. Still...?

Elizabeth City is famous for the Rose Buddies who bring roses to all the woman on the boats at the free slips. They also throw a wine and cheese party for the boaters if enough boats are present. They were there ten years before when we were first there, as I recall there were four of them, all older gentlemen. Apparently there is only one left, a Mr Fearing at 86 years old. Sure enough he showed up the next day. I was up on the railing trying to do some work on my TV antenna while at the same time trying to hold on in the SE winds when I was summoned to the dock, a tricky maneuver in the winds and waves.

When I told him my name he remembered that I was a college professor at ECU. Pretty impressive after ten years. Kay and I, as well as Bob and Jean, were invited to a wine and cheese party at his home on Fearing Street at 4:30. As none of us thought that the invitation was optional we all agreed to go and indeed off we went at the appointed time. We enjoyed the party especially when we were joined by a friend of Mr Fearing, Joe Simonwhich, a bed and breakfast operator, professional chef, and jazz musician who played with Louie Armstrong. He was also a sponsor of a boat in the 1,000-mile ocean catamaran race off the US Atlantic Coast. A

very interesting time was had by all.

The only other event of note was that I was able to give my newly minted boat card to Bob. On our earlier Pamlico trip I was introduced to boat cards when given one by David Semonite off the Hinkely picnic boat, *Sand Owl*. I immediately felt inferior as I did not have one for *Spindrift*. When I gave mine to Bob he reacted in exactly the same way, telling me that he felt badly that he did not have one. He had meant to make one. I said, great, that is exactly what I hoped for. I was vindicated. <<Smile>>

While we were at Norfolk in the Nautilus Gift Shop I was looking at a book on restaurants on the Intracoastal Waterway. One of the featured ones was Mulligans on the waterfront in Elizabeth City and sure enough there it was not 100' from our slip. Our first night there they featured a great music group on their outside stage and we had ringside seats, the best in the house. Unfortunately we were both so exhausted that we could not stay awake to appreciate them. The next night the group was not quite as good but we were able to appreciate them. We also ate at Mulligans that night and it was excellent.

We discovered that Elizabeth City had changed quite a bit since our last visit. In addition to the restaurant there were several bookstores, we visited one of them, Page After Page, and found a book we were looking for. There was also a wine seller/deli that had two wines I had been looking for, a Shiraz and a Syrah. All in all, we found Elizabeth City to be much nicer than when we were last there.

We left the next day for Edenton on a perfectly still, clear day, the kind that one can be sure will bring afternoon thunderstorms. At around 1:00 we were in sight of the Albemarle Sound Bridge, six-and-a-half miles away. I went down to check the radar and saw a black cloud symptomatic of a thunderstorm about four miles on the other side of the bridge but, very puzzling, there was a smaller one between us and the bridge. When I told Kay we were both confused because we could see nothing between us and the bridge but, sure enough, there was a storm when we got there, not severe but lots of rain. The second storm looked pretty bad but passed in front of us. For the rest of the day the Coast Guard broadcast warnings about that particular storm as it tracked to the east.

The only annoying aspect to this last day were the crab pots, at points along the way they were spaced every 10' in all directions for miles. Even if there had been wind, sailing would have been impossible under those conditions. What makes matters worse is that in North Carolina, as opposed to Virginia or Maryland, the crab pots are poorly marked with much smaller floats of almost any color, including nearly invisible black. Not smart. The crabbers, I am sure, are counting on boats making every effort to avoid fouling their props by running over a pot and not counting on boats like ours with rope cutters installed on their props. Still with effort and calm seas we missed them all and are back in Edenton and will return to Greenville tomorrow.

Boat names of note: A sailboat named after my long term friend and college roommate, *Bellina*; well put, *Between Storms*; for those who like word play, *Trade Wins*; one I especially like, *Next Chapter*; a great name for a sailboat, too bad it was on a powerboat, *AirWaves*.

(To Be Continued)

The Cruise of *Blue Rover 2*

By Connie Hickok



Preliminary trials with young crew member.

"Row, Row, Row Your Boat." That's what I did. I bought a dinghy and, with my little spaniel Tilly in the bow, I rowed 150 nautical miles up and down Vancouver Island in British Columbia in 2007. My announcement of my pending adventure to friends brought on comments such as, "Be careful!" "Watch for storms." "How can you, at your age?"

Well tough! I am a seasoned citizen, shall we say, and have always loved the water. I grew up in the freshwater country of Minnesota and spent hours swimming and boating as a kid. Here on Vancouver Island I have learned about tides, salt water, and strong currents.

In July 2007, on a lovely day with a soft breeze, I started my journey from Victoria. My boat is only 8' long and fits into the back of my van. Amazing! So out from the van came *Blue Rover 2* into the Georgia Strait. The 150-mile row up and down the island was underway. I would row north up island for three to four hours, depending on the weather, then row back to the van and settle in for the night in a local campground. The next day I would drive north to the place we had reached the day before. *Blue Rover 2* would be launched again headed for another point. Brentwood Bay, Mill Bay, Cowichan Bay, and Chemainus were destination points.

I have always loved the ocean and wanted to view the shore as we made our way up and down the island. Starfish and other lovely creatures, like jellyfish as wide as 20", greeted Tilly and I as we peered down into the deep. The friendly seals were always snooping around to see who was in their territory.

I could see float planes land and view fishing boats, cruisers, and kayaks as they

Loading up the van.



traveled along beside us. The smell of the ocean in the gentle breeze was ever present to us. The pace of life on the water was decidedly different from the bustle of the city. I felt calm, relaxed, and thoughtful. One morning we even raced a ferry out of the Nanaimo Harbour. Of course, the ferry passed us quickly and I am sure the captain didn't even know there was a race going on. Another day whitecaps appeared, approaching with vigor. I said, "Tilly, I ain't a white caps girl!" and we headed back to the marina. Even though the sun was out and it was a warm day, I knew I was not going to fight the waves. No way.

During the beautiful summer we met kindly folks along the way, both at marinas and at local cafes where I always ordered clam chowder. So now I know who serves the best chowder on the island. It is Deep Cove Bay Cafe.

My darling boat, *Blue Rover 2*, has a wheel on the back so that when I need to get up or down a landing all I have to do is gently pull the front of the boat and it will move easily along. Other travelers would gaze at me in amazement as I hoisted the boat in and out of the van and into the water.

Sunset and sunrises were the special times of day when the colors were glorious. Tilly and I anticipated the subtle colors of the sunrise and in the evening the overwhelming grandeur of the lush, beautiful scenery embraced by the sky as if painted with a brush.

Days passed and our journey continued up the island and back, rowing from Victoria to Sayward and back. *Blue Rover 2* was the perfect means of travel for us. After 20 days we ended our voyage, arriving back home, all safe and sound. This journey was gentle and sweet beyond belief. My friends were impressed! The best of life is living such a dream.

Tilly viewing an approaching harbour entrance.



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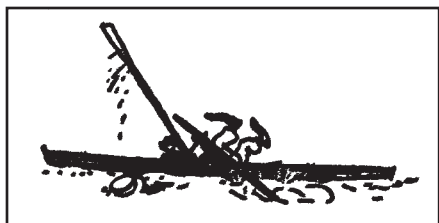
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I have a friend; that is, I'd like to consider him a friend, who collects antique banks and refurbishes them. Rather, I think that's what he does. But our common interest is boats. He has regular boats, a power cruiser, etc, but he also likes lifeboats and has one on the Thames about 30 miles outside of London. She's named the *Queen Eilene*. She's a 44-footer, self-righting, twin screw diesel built in 1951 and in near perfect condition. She's all bronze, oak, and mahogany, maintained, not in gold-plater fashion but as you would a favored tool in your shop. Not everyone owns a 44' self-righting lifeboat but probably everyone not involved in saving souls at sea who owns one wonders what to do with it. And so it was with my friend.

So when I was going abroad on another matter I asked if I and some of my family could stop in London and take her out with the avowed purpose of assessing her suitability for giving groups of youngsters a thoroughly unique form of maritime experience, a tryout, so to speak. And here's what happened.

Late last July, having concluded a trip to Sweden, the family left its lodgings at Earles Court and took a car to the hamlet of Bray in Berkshire, about 30 miles up the Thames from London Bridge. The river between two locks in the vicinity of Monkey Island Lane will carry one back to *Wind in the Willows* of "Messing About..." fame. Kenneth Grahame captures the spirit in his book. It's difficult not to enter a world along the banks of the Thames where one is caught up by all the characters in the book, the "important" doings of adults are lost and you become one with the denizens of the river.

Associations with the Thames have always been for me a magical experience. The first was in 1946, rowing an eight-oared shell crew at the Henley Regatta. I remember that surreal event and, later, capsizing one of the quant punts, a flat-bottomed affair about 24' long propelled by a quant, a long pole. Our exclamations then were similar to those in *Wind...* "you can't do that, you'll have us over."



Hobnobbing with the Queen

MAIB Fashion

By Steven Bobo

My every trip to the Thames has had the aura of the Grahame narrative, even one in which I was aboard an LNG tanker in the lower Thames when it started to blow, whereupon she parted her lines, leaving half the crew ashore. We were blown across the river onto a mud bank which was reported to be an ammo barge sunk by the Nazis many years before. On that visit I was an inspector/supercargo during Gas Trials and had to stand an anchor watch all night until we were towed back to the dock. While on lookout at the bow several of us watched a house float by, blown off its foundations, journeying across the river. I've since wondered if it was happier on the right bank.

But back to my story. At the Bray Marina on Monkey Island Lane we met Philip who regarded me and the rest of my family with a bemused expression when we told him we wanted to take out the *Queen Eilene*. Nevertheless he led us down a dock with maybe 80 boats between 20' and 50' to a finger float and said, "There she is. How long are you expecting to be out?"

It's virtually certain that Phillip knew he was witnessing an "event." *Eileen*, with her displacement of about 15 tons, 250hp diesels, and hooded pilot station was an imposing sight.

"Are you going past the locks?" he asked, to which we answered with a shrug. After checking both fuel tanks with a stick he said, "should be enough." We then asked him if there was anything we should look out for and he shrugged. To which we asked if we could hurt her. His reply was a lengthy equivocal "Nooo..." He started both engines, put them in gear, put them in neutral, and shut them down saying "everything works" and that was that. We all climbed aboard with our gear, etc, and were about ready to get underway when suddenly we were boarded by a flock of ducks. They just appeared, en mass, on the cockpit sole having come aboard through the lifeboat's clearing ports, holes 6" above the waterline running the 26' length of the self-bailing cockpit. After looking around and inspecting things, finding we

had no open food, they embarked, once again through the clearing ports.

"All along the backwater.
Through the rushes tall,
Ducks are a-dabbling.
Up tails all!"

Getting underway was challenging. The *Queen* was overweight and maneuvering her, even with twin screws, was like guiding a hippopotamus. Nevertheless she backed well, a bit like a sailboat where propeller torque causes one to favor backing to one side depending on the direction of rotation of the propeller. And as she lumbered out of the slip onto the river you knew she was a head turner. Once on the river motorized barges, pleasure yachts, and all manner of river craft hailed, questioned, and sometimes became competitive as if we were somehow going to take away their business. The Royal Lifesaving paint scheme may have had something to do with such behavior.

But the *Queen* had her idiosyncrasies. If one looks at the picture showing the ducks, the engine cowling appears on the left. On top of that there is a vertical bronze fitting which looks like a trumpet mouthpiece. There are two, one on each side of the cowl. In the event of an engine overheating the cooling water boils up out of one of these spouts, drenching everyone sitting on nearby seats. On a river with grass, weeds, duck feathers, etc, overheating is a common occurrence.

The conning station just aft of the cowl offered shelter behind the boat controls. It also included a tool chest and a full complement of lifesaving gear.

As we made our leisurely way up the river one observed many boats tied up to docks in front of houses, typical river scenes.

"Rounding a bend in the river, they came in sight of a dignified old house of mellowed red brick with well-kept lawns reaching down to the rivers edge.

"There's Toad Hall," said the rat."

On traveling upriver for several miles we encountered a Thames lock, an ancient device reputed to be only 10' wide. Since the *Queen* carried a beam of about 9' we judged that it was a challenge best left for another day.

So what advice was to be given about the boat's eventual role? Although difficult to maneuver, she's consistent and steady. She makes one think of those miniature ships at the maritime schools where future captains learn to maneuver real big ships. A young student, interested in boats, could learn much about mooring, docking, and maneuvering in






tight places with the *Queen*. Far more than from the light, overpowered things most kids get into. Perhaps then she could be used by schools for training.

The Water Rat commented on many things, but when speaking of the river he said "It's my world and I don't want any other. What it hasn't got is not worth having and what it doesn't know is not worth knowing."

(Quotes from Kenneth Grahame, 1908 *Wind in the Willows*.)



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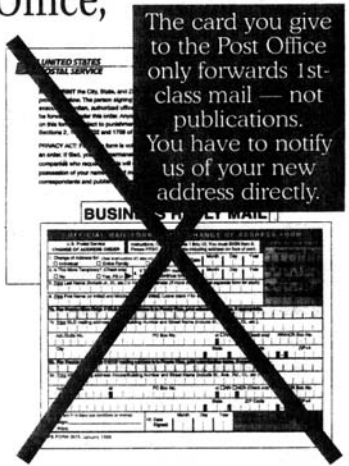
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Saturday, May 13, 2006 Time and Distance

I would like to report that the training program is well underway but I'm woefully behind in my prep. Other than cavorting each day with my eighth grade lacrosse team, an activity that gives me much joy but little tangible preparation, last week's main progress was the acquisition of an \$89 GPS unit that will enable me to track my location and speed over the ground (or bottom), average speed en route, and all the time/distance stuff that a GPS does. The device is the size of a large wristwatch and I've played with it in calibrating the distances I walk, the usual places around the neighborhood, the 7-11, the dry cleaners, the liquor store, Regis Cross Street Market, Peg's office.

This captivating tool will enable me to track my pace and give me a need to do to complete this trip in the 14 to 16 days I'm allocating to it, yet I can see that it will also be the equivalent of having a barking coxswain in the stern of the boat. I'll need to average 30-mile days in order to bring it home in time for school in August, and this electronic Jiminy Cricket will be a relentless taskmaster indeed.

On the training front, I got some sage advice from my good friend Peter, a Dartmouth colleague and former competitive rower. His counsel is that there are two bodily elements that I'll need to bring up to speed before departure, my hands and my derriere. This advice corresponds to my experience at long distance days on the water last summer. I think I can handle the hand thing, there are all kinds of ways to build up hand strength and tissue resilience, but the endurance of one's backside for a venture like this is probably only augmented by the doing of it and in-the-boat training will be scarce until July. Some have opined that if one drives a Mini (a stiff suspension) within the Baltimore City limits (a lunar-esque landscape) as I do, one's posterior is already pretty resilient. But I suspect that I'll need to better simulate the experience soon and often.

Peter's other observation was that I'll be wise to discipline myself to the "30-mile day" objective and not get too carried away by favorable weather or the vodka tonic just around the next bend. He suggests that I get

The Big Row

452 Miles In an Adirondack Guideboat Part 2

By Al Freihofer

out of the boat whenever I get to 30 miles, even if it's well before dusk, the epiphany being that having adequate recuperative time OUT of the boat will be as important in sustaining the pace on the water.

So the net of it all is that the time and distance so coldly and accurately calculated by my new GPS doodad will need to be complemented by my own sense of "time until" the trip starts and my "distance to" fitness and while I know I'm behind the curve, it's not as if I'm starting from a point of complete physical degradation. I'll be good to go.

Tuesday May 23, 2006 May Madness

Well, because of the usual demands on a teacher in May, my training routine has not been established. I'm kind of resigned to the fact that I really won't be training in earnest or with intensity until June. Those who have been good-naturedly asking me, "How's the training going?" as they observe no change in my physical appearance I have asked to back off for a while, I'll be good to go. How far is the question.

The only recent relevant training yet involved resetting a portion of an obstacle course we set up for our students. One of their tasks was to carry a cinder block about 30 yards and I volunteered to "reset the blocks" after each pair of contestants passed through. Good arm and back work, I thought. We have about 178 kids in our school, they all ran the course in pairs, and I will only report that brushing my teeth that night was a kind of mechanical affair.

Each time I read a little bit in depth about waypoints on my trip I find my eyes resting on copy which before would not have drawn my attention. Today I was reading about Cape May, New Jersey, my turning point into Delaware Bay preceding my final sprint to Baltimore. The Chamber describes

the rip currents through their canal (built to shelter ships from marauding U-boats during WWII) and celebrates their shark tournaments. Clearly this was not written to entice the Adirondack Guideboat community. Upstream from Cape May the CETD canal offers a 6kt current as the tide goes out and the promise of a Nantucket Sleigh Ride-like launch into the top of the Chesapeake or the embarrassment of a majestic 2kt re-entry into the Delaware, depending on how I time it.

Wednesday, May 31, 2006 At the Ocean

Yes, it's been a while and the countdown is spinning as ominously as the National Debt whirligig in New York. Countdowns often seem to have an ominous cast to them, yes? Countdowns to launchings (of devices usually built by an aggregate of low bidders), countdowns to "milestone" birthdays (gleefully anticipated by everyone except the birthday person), countdowns to weddings (no comment) and, in my case, countdowns to dental and colonoscopy appointments (again, no comment). So the row's start date, set in ink at August 5, approaches. But ominously? I think not. And I have evidence!

Last weekend we were able to spend the weekend on the Outer Banks of North Carolina and as we drove there (along with everyone else on the planet) I was mindful that this would afford me an excellent opportunity to survey a beach not unlike the one I will be skirting in New Jersey. My date of August 5 is set in stone. I will leave, rain or shine, and the whims of the atmosphere are still framing what the weather will (randomly) be on that day. As we drove south I played the game of "what if." What if I were to be along the stretch of beach we would be visiting during my row? What would the winds and surf be like? Could I picture myself effortlessly coasting along the beach at my steady 4+ knots, assisted by a slight tailwind, just outside of the surf line yet within a short swim to shore should disaster (aka shark attack) strike? We'd be at a beachfront condo (borrowed) for three days so it was a hypothesis I intended to test often, like every five minutes. I can be tedious in that way.

I'm happy to report that over the three days, two would have been excellent for row-

ing. Day One, Saturday, dawned clear and calm and the prospects of a 32-mile day in such conditions would seem excellent. The surf was steady, predictable, and shallow, pulling the boat up for a periodic stretch and swim would definitely be in the cards, getting the boat off the beach and beyond the surf line would have been within even my modest abilities. Frankly, getting back into the boat after a stretch and a swim would have been the motivational challenge.

Day Two presented somewhat more robust wave action, attentive rowing to get the best lines along the beach would have been mandatory but achievable and there was a fine 8-10kt breeze from the north, one that would have been a nice boost from behind. A 32-mile day would have also been a good bet, even if without the ease of entry/exit off the beach.

But Day 3, Monday, was a different matter. Strong rollers were hitting the beach hard from the north/northeast (a good thing, anything from a northern quadrant is good) and I would have had to be many hundreds of yards offshore to be able to make steady headway, farther from shore than I would feel comfortable on such a day.

A three-day sample, hundreds of miles south of my intended route and 65 days before my launch is hardly relevant to my prospects, yet it was good to feel the surf, watch the water, and dream. No, my goal will not be met with a series of 32-mile "average" days with two on, one off, but I don't suspect that I will be able to force an "average" series. Day by day, day by day, we'll see what comes.

I did get to test my GPS gizmo during a walk on the beach on Sunday. Here's

how it worked. I placed a footprint in the sand discreetly above the high tide mark, pressed "start," walked exactly 3.5 miles up the beach, did a precise Forest Gump-like about-face, and when I returned to my footprint, voila, 7 miles on the nub at an average of 3.52 mph. This wristwatch will be terrific for tracking pace and distance covered during the row.

Sunday June 04, 2006 Two Months from Tonight

Two months from tonight I will have gorged on birthday cake and, God willing and the creek don't rise, creamed potatoes in my final training meal before my August 5 AM departure. It's not exactly the picture of Rocky downing the blended raw eggs, but it's my picture and I'm going with it.

Tonight's epiphany is sparked by tonight's edition of Spike TV's "Most Amazing Videos." I was sucked in by the delightful and breathtaking stupidity of it all. To wit, a guy tried to do a "loop" off a ramp on his motorcycle, came off the bike at the top of the loop, fell fairly gracefully to the ground only to be crushed by the bike falling out of the sky. Another fellow on a bicycle was towed down a street at breakneck speed with the intention of letting go of the rope, hitting an enormous ramp, and landing on the roof of a three story building. (The answer is "no.")

The creme de la creme of this series were the four "rodeo clowns" sitting at a table playing poker in a bull ring, the bull was released into the ring, it charged the clowns with not a jot of hesitation, and several were badly injured. Were they surprised that this would happen? I don't get it. I mean,

I thought the rodeo clown's stock-in-trade was his mobility, his cunning, his intimate, practiced knowledge of his adversary's tendencies. It seems to me that a rodeo clown gives these assets away when he's sitting in a plastic chair at a plastic table playing poker, or even pretending to play poker, with three other rodeo clowns.

Some have opined that my row is not unlike these kinds of courtships with danger, albeit mine will take place in very, very slow motion and will lack Spike's cinematic appeal. Other, kinder people have encouraged me in a reasonable and responsible way. To quote Mel Brooks as The Two Thousand Year Old Man, "I don't want to get in the middle of that one." Suffice to say that considered risks for ambitious ends are the spice of life,

Friday, June 09, 2006 Cape May Reconnaissance

I begin a weekend at Cape May, New Jersey, a strategically important port of call on my trip should I get that far. It's at the extreme southern end of the Jersey shore, better than two-thirds of the way home. I know people there. They have showers and soft beds and maybe the addresses of massage parlors. Cape May is also at the mouth of the Delaware River, 70 miles south of (and definitely downstream from) the CETD Canal, my portal to the Upper Chesapeake and home. I'll be needing the curative effects of sleep, food, a soak, and maybe a rub if I'm to make the turn. In no small measure, Cape May represents the beginning of the end of my voyage. It will be an interesting reconnaissance.

(To Be Continued)

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The telephone had an instant ring to it and as I hurried into the front hall of our home in England to answer it, I somehow knew the call had to be about our 26' cutter, *Bourisheen*, anchored below us in Cowes Harbour. As I picked up the receiver the wind that had been blowing a southwest gale all morning gleefully hurled a fine spray of salt spume against the glass vestibule windows.

"Miz Taylor, this is Frank down at the Island Sailing Club. I hate to bother ya but I thought it best I call knowin' 'imself is at work and all tha..."

"That's all right, Frank," I said, sure now that the call had to do with our boat.

"...A dredger went h'amuck in the 'arbour just a little while ago an' veered off to the trots and, well, I'm afraid *Bourisheen* was right in 'er track... H'I'm getting' the launch ready to see what h'I can do about it and thought maybe ya' might wanna cum along... 'imself bein' too busy at work, so ta sp'ak."

I told Frank, our club launch operator, not to bother my husband and I'd be right down to go out with him in the Island Sailing Club launch to see what had become of *Bourisheen*. All kinds of wild thoughts ran through my head as I pulled my oilies on over my sweater and slacks. All the dredgers I've seen have been fairly large, bulky ships. What chance did a slim cruiser-racer like ours stand against an out-of-control monster of that size? Tears started to well up in my eyes as I envisioned our beautiful yacht lying in pieces on the bottom of Cowes Harbour.

Frank was waiting for me in the club launch, her engine turning over slowly in neutral producing that comforting "plob, plob, plot" sound as the white-capped waves entered and left her exhaust pipe. The British red duster whipped out in the gale from her mast in the launch's stern, Frank touched his cap as he helped me aboard. "Mornin', Miz," he said in his usual friendly fashion just as he did every day as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Up to this point I hadn't had time to look around me as getting down the bucking runway and float occupied my constant attention. As Frank pulled away from the dock, however, the sight that greeted my eyes made my heart sink. There in the middle of the anchored yachts in Cowes Harbour sat this enormous hulk of a ship. Its rusty white stern towered ominously over a few of the

A Lifetime on the Water

Part 8

The Paul Holme Incident

By Fay H. Taylor

still anchored boats in her vicinity. The rest of Cowes Harbour was a shambles.

Several yachts were dismantled and drawn up to the dredger's stern like a handful of hungry chicks to the mother hen, several centerboarders had capsized and two or three more fair-sized yachts had been cut loose from their moorings in the harbour and were drifting swiftly down through the anchored boats before the wild September gale. The police boat *Ashburton* and the Harbour Master's launch were tearing through the anchored boats trying to catch up with the freed yachts before they collided with the still anchored yachts to leeward. A veil of heavy mist dropped suddenly before my eyes like a curtain and prevented, for the time, a further search for our missing cutter.

Frank tried to take my mind off of *Bourisheen's* possible fate and, as I turned to him seeking some consolation, he quickly attempted to talk about something else. "Caught like a stranded whale, she is," he mumbled through lips that held the sodden remains of a Parliament cigarette, "...the dredger, h'I mean. The anchor chain from the trotline must have caught up in 'er props as she went by to bring 'er to a stop, otherwise she'd 'ave gone right through the moorin's and cum aground on the shingle at East Cowes." He quickly looked up into my face to see if I were listening but I'd hardly heard his words over the noise of the wind and my concern for our boat.

As we drew closer to the scene we could see a 35'-50' wide swath of open water leading from the harbour channel to the stern of the dredger now securely anchored in place

by the yachts' broken mooring chains which were firmly wrapped around her propellers. Since our boat was in the first line of trots next to the channel of Cowes Harbour, she was probably the first to be run down. But where was she now?

About 25 yards along the path of the dredger's errant course the very tip of a wooden mast just broke the surface of the water. I was temporarily relieved, however, because *Bourisheen's* mast was made of extruded aluminum. As we searched the surrounding waters the Harbour Master's launch went by towing a dismantled Dragon. Behind his came the police boat *Ashburton* towing a white cruiser-racer. Both Frank and I stood up in the boat to see more clearly as she approached wondering if it were *Bourisheen*.

As the *Ashburton* drew closer we could see the boat she was towing was not *Bourisheen*. "Here, Frank," said the officer on the boat's foredeck, "this is one of yours, I think." As the sailboat drifted slowly by, we could see the words "Island Sailing Club" printed on her stern. "There's a white sailboat drifting out into the Solent that we have to get before she becomes a hazard to shipping in this mist and rain. If you take this boat over to your dock for us we'll go after her."

"Do you think...?" said I, looking to Frank for encouragement.

"We been through this area twic't already and there's no sign of 'er," Frank replied. "Could be..."

While Frank transferred the tow line from the *Ashburton* to the club launch he explained my problem to the police officers. They graciously allowed me to come aboard and go with then to pick up the drifting boat.

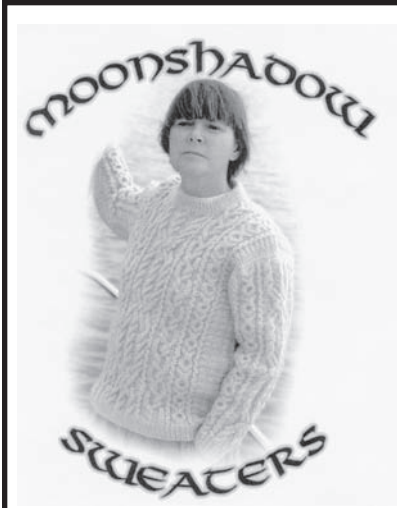
The *Ashburton* took off toward the entrance to Cowes Harbour with such a sudden acceleration that I was almost knocked to the deck of the wide aftercockpit. Over the roar of her twin diesels I tried to explain to one of the officers why I was there and what *Bourisheen* looked like.

"Well, this boat certainly seem to fit your description," the police officer said as I finished my story and the sound of the engines died to a deep rumble. For in the time it took to tell my tale we had entered the waters between the Isle of Wight and the mainland and had pulled up alongside the derelict.

And "derelict" is what she looked like. I could hardly believe that what I was seeing over the side of the police boat was formerly our beautiful cruiser racer. Although she was still afloat, she was down in the bow and sea water sloshed back and forth in her cabin. The dredger must have run over her foredeck forcing her bow underwater until her mooring chain snapped. In the process of being run down her forward hatch cover was destroyed allowing water to enter her hull.

Not only had she been dismantled but her pulpit, railing, and dual navigational light were gone. The canvas on her foredeck and coach roof was torn and covered with red rust from the dredger's bottom. Her toe rail, rigging, and lifelines were ripped out and were lying every which way on the coach roof. How the boat remained afloat after an ordeal like that was a miracle.

A policeman from the *Ashburton* dropped down on her foredeck and got a towline through the remnants of her mooring chain which had been hanging desolately from *Bourisheen's* bow. He also cleared up her standing and running rigging so they would not get caught in the *Ashburton's* pro-



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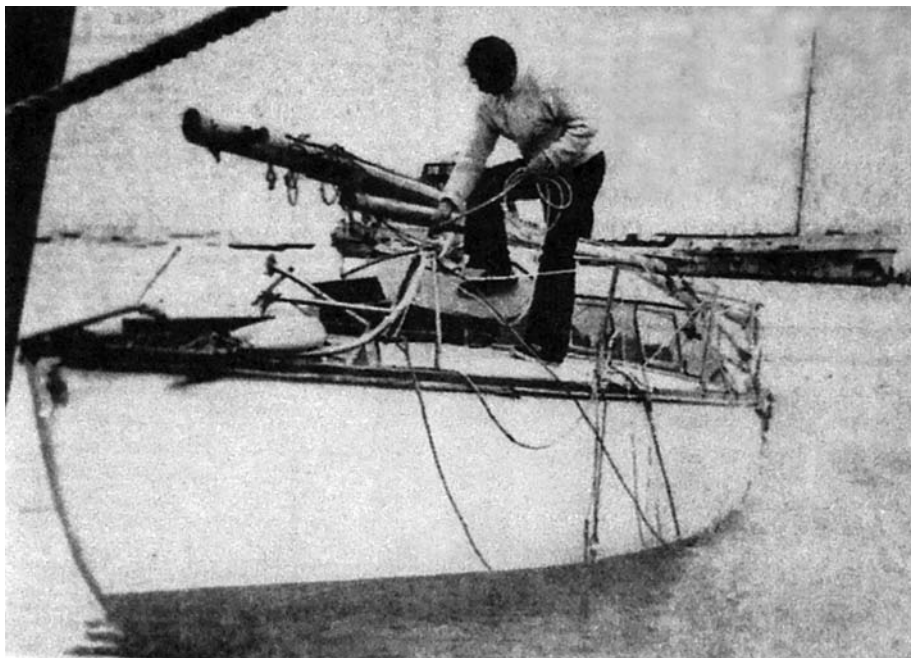
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pellers. As we started the tow home it took a lot more time to get back into the harbour than it did going out. Once we had to stop to bring back aboard those items of the standing rigging that had once again slid overboard. I don't remember much else about the return trip because I was in a state of mental shock over *Bourisheen's* condition.

The *Ashburton* towed the hull into the quay at the Groves & Gutteridge boatyard in West Cowes. As we neared the dock I could see what appeared to be a crowd of people looking down at us from above. A face that I did recognize was that of my husband and I was sure glad to see him. Someone had notified him at work of *Bourisheen's* accident and he had hurried down to the quay to see what he could do.

After I climbed up the slippery ladder to the dock (it was low tide), I threw myself into my husband's arms unable to restrain the tears any longer. Flashbulbs from the cameras of the Island and Southampton photographers popped and the BBC cameras rolled as I clung there exhausted by the whole episode.

I made the evening news as a victim of one of the worst gales in Solent history. It wasn't until the next morning that we found out that Prime Minister Heath's *Morning Cloud* was also a victim of the same gale on the same day not many miles from Cowes Harbour where *Bourisheen* was dismantled and almost sunk. Two members of his crew were drowned and lost at sea. Despite our misfortunes we had a lot to be thankful for.



News Article: Five yachts were damaged when the 900-ton dredger *Paul Holme* got into difficulties on Monday when coming out of Cowes Harbour against a strong tide and gale force winds. The vessel, being used to remove mud from the John Willment Marina site, lost her steerage and swung in among yachts moored on the trots. One yacht, *Bourisheen* (pictured), was dismantled and several Dragons and a Folkboat were also damaged. The police launch *Ashburton* and launches from Lallow's Yard and Yacht Haven were quickly on the scene and towed a number of yachts to safety. No one was injured.



100 years and counting, the queen of the river celebrates another anniversary.

On Sunday, the 17th of August, a small group of paddlers enjoyed, weather wise, the best day of the summer! Clear blue skies, pleasant temps, and no wind coupled with high water and a brisk current made for a memorable trip down this beautiful waterway (in Ipswich, Massachusetts.—Ed).

The last time I was on the Ipswich in August we were dragging the canoes over beaver dams and logs the entire trip. Not so today, it was like springtime after all the rains that we have had all summer long. Maybe this marks the end of the long wet spell and we will have more of these days to enjoy this fall.

August on the Ipswich River

By Steve Lapey

Vern Atwood and his son Mike came with their 1938 OTCA AA that Vern recently restored. It is a nice OTCA with the mast step and the bow seat with the mast hole. Vern is gathering the necessary parts and pieces to complete the sailing rig and by next summer we should be seeing some canoe sailing meets for the Norumbega Chapter of the WCHA.

Bill Conrad brought the old 1908 Brodbeck canoe. This was her first voyage of the year and, since this represented the 100th anniversary of her launching, we popped the cork on an ice cold bottle of champagne and had a little toast to Fred Brodbeck, Bill, and the old canoe as we enjoyed lunch at the take out.

Some kayak folks were at the take out while we were partying and they couldn't comprehend any small boat remaining in service for a century. Their plastic 'yaks will be long gone by 2108 and the old Brodbeck, with reasonable care, will still be the queen of the river!

Tully Lake – 2008

By Steve Lapey

On June 1 the Norumbega Chapter of the WCHA sponsored the 2008 outing at Tully Lake, including the East Branch of the Tully River and Long Pond.

Ed Howard and I paddled in the 16' Prospector that I built last winter and we were joined by Brad Chamberlin in his 17' American Traders and Bill Verry with his 14' E.M. White, made by Rollin Thurlow at the Northwoods Canoe Shop in Atkinson, Maine. This was the first time I had seen this canoe and it is a real beauty, dark green with the shellac bottom in the tradition of the Maine guide canoes.

We were also joined by new members Greg and Shelly O'Brien and their sons, Cole and Finn. The O'Briens have a very nice 16' B.N. Morris that Greg has restored to like-new condition. This is his first attempt at a restoration and he is to be complimented, he did everything just right!

Meeting just after 9:30, Brad, Bill, Ed, and I launched three canoes and started up the Tully River and within minutes we were joined by the O'Briens, they had been camping overnight at the Tully Lake campground and were slightly delayed by a beaver dam between Tully Lake itself and the canoe launch.

Now with a complete fleet we were able to continue up the river to Long Pond with only one dilapidated beaver dam to slide over. At the pond we landed where the creek from Spirit Falls was trickling into the pond and we hiked most of the way up Jacob's Hill to see where the fall would actually be in spring run-off. After the middle of May there usually isn't too much water going over the falls and this year is no exception.

Back in the canoes we paddled up the pond to where the river enters it. The river forms sort of a delta here and each year the main channel seems to take a different course and quite often it is difficult to find in the sprawling marshes. This year we lucked out and the channel was easy to find so we continued upstream until we came to the first major beaver dam. At this point we reversed course and returned to the pond in time for lunch at the point across the pond from Spirit Falls, a site we have used many times before.

At lunch we had a good chance to inspect the old Morris that the O'Briens brought, it is Serial #6083, possibly a model A, Type I, with the short decks and open gunwales. Greg thinks it was made in the teens, it is hard to tell from the serial number, we all thought that was when Morris started to build with the open 'wales, however, the newest theory on dating these canoes is to add two to the first digit to arrive at the year of manufacture. If this is true, this may be a 1908 model. This Morris was made with oarlocks that were attached to wooden blocks affixed to the gunwales, they are metal fittings that hang inside the hull when not in use and fold up and out when in use for rowing. From the looks of the installation there is no reason to believe that they are not original to the canoe.

After lunch we continued our return trip down the Tully to the canoe landing where we parted ways, another enjoyable Tully Lake adventure in our trip catalog.

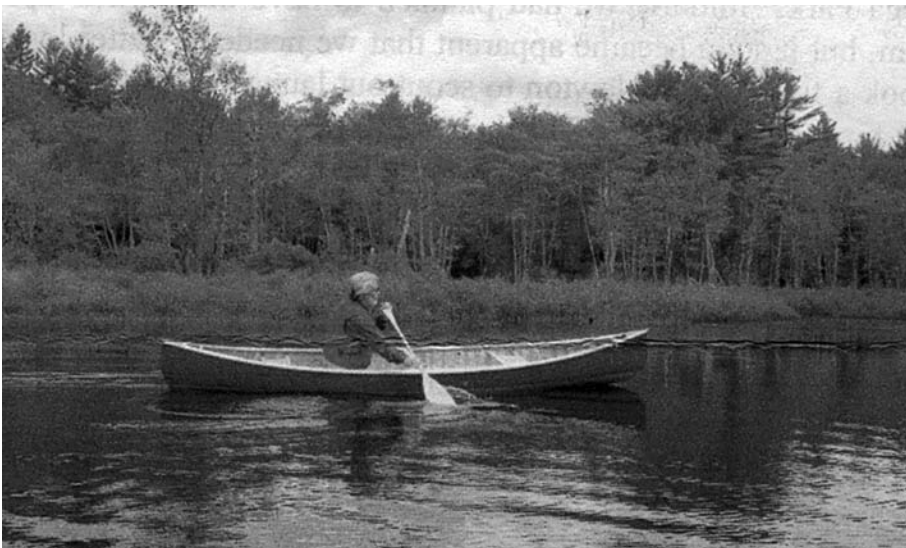


The O'Briens; Cole in the kayak, Greg, Sherry, and Finn in the Morris..



Compare the curves of the classic Morris to the more modern canoes.

Bill Verry in the E.M. White.



June 11, 1978. A group from St John's School of Ontario set out on the first leg of what was to be a three-week expedition from Lake Timiskaming to James Bay. Timiskaming, which means "deep waters" in Algonquin, is the headwaters of the Ottawa River, forming the border between Ontario and Quebec. The lake stretches 60 miles from the towns of Timiskaming to Notre-Dame-du-Nord, both on the Quebec side. The group from St John's consisted of 27 students and four leaders in four Selkirk canoes. The Selkirk's were made by Chestnut and marketed as "group paddling canoes." They were 22' Ogilvys that were built with an additional 3" of freeboard and were fitted with five board seats to accommodate a crew of eight and their equipment.

The canoes were launched early in the day after an all night van ride from the Toronto area and soon they were bucking a stiff headwind as they entered Lake Timiskaming. After a couple of hours getting used to their new canoes they stopped for lunch, but then they only made another ten miles in the afternoon before the disaster struck. As the winds and waves were picking up the decision was made by the leaders to cross the lake to the Ontario side where the weather would have been less of a problem. Turning to a westerly heading caused the waves to be coming from the right side of the canoes. Soon the last canoe, sterned by the least experienced leader, capsized, tossing everyone into the frigid water estimated to be in the low 40s. This alone wasn't a huge problem, they were still close to the eastern shoreline, everyone was wearing PFDs, and they had been trained in canoe over canoe rescue, but things went from bad to worse very quickly.

The #3 boat turned to lead off the rescue and when they were broadside to the waves a crew member moved and now there were two capsized canoes! The remaining two canoes managed to turn around, picked up a few of the swimmers and ferried them to shore, offloaded some gear, and then returned for the rest. The large waves rolling down the long narrow lake made any attempt to right and empty the canoes impossible. Incredibly, while trying to rescue the swimmers both of the remaining canoes capsized as the panicked crew members in the water tried to get into the rescue boats. At this point there were four capsized canoes and it was everyone for himself. Those who could swam to shore. At the end of the day 12 boys and one leader were dead.

The survivors managed to get a fire going on the shore and huddled together in hopes that help would arrive. It wasn't until the next day that a helicopter pilot en route to Ottawa spotted two overturned canoes on the Quebec shore with a pair of bodies caught in the rope trailing from one of them. He then spotted the other two canoes drifting ten miles to the south. Soon authorities were notified and boats were sent out to search for the survivors and reclaim the bodies. The coroner's report on the tragedy was that the deaths were accidental and no charges were filed.

St John's was a private school, primarily for troubled boys who had problems in other schools. The St John's way featured strict discipline and rigorous outdoor activity. Thirty-mile snowshoe runs in the winter months were the norm for St John's boys and at the end of each school year they were encouraged to participate in an extended wilderness canoe trip. After "the accident," as it was referred to by everyone at St John's, they continued their strenuous activities, includ-

The Lake Timiskaming Disaster

By Steve Lapey

ing 500-mile canoe trips in Georgian Bay and those fun snowshoe races. The school continued on for some time after the accident but it closed due to financial woes in 1989.

So what can we canoeists learn from this tragedy? It is easy to be a Monday morning quarterback and criticize others for what went wrong, and I don't want to demean anyone who was part of this tragic event, but if we look at the series of events that led up to the tragedy we may be able to avoid something like this from happening to others.

First, the ratio of leaders to students was really on the low side and the size of the group was unmanageable. With 27 troubled boys on a trip it would make a lot of sense to have perhaps nine or more adult leaders along, not just four. Several camps with which I am acquainted send out trips with a ratio of one leader to two campers and they limit the groups to a total of 12 members. It would have been much better to break the large St John's group down into three or more smaller groups for an expedition of this sort. The smaller groups could have all traveled independently, meeting up at various rendezvous points as the journey progressed, perhaps all joining up for the final leg down the Moose River to their destination at Moosenee.

The training of the leaders has been questioned, they were basically teachers from the school. The least experienced of the group was a fresh recruit from England and the school assigned him to be a sternman on the trip. His expressed concern that he lacked the necessary skills for this fell upon deaf ears and he was given the assignment anyway. Part of the St John's way was "learn as you go." The other leaders were more experienced, some of them had been on many St John's trips in previous years.

These rugged trips may have worked for St John's but in retrospect there is no practical reason to subject boys of the 12 to 14-year age group to these dangers. They could have been taught wilderness skills and had some good character building on a more practical river trip without the chance of upsetting in a large, cold lake. It would have been much more practical to spend three weeks tripping in one of the wilderness areas such as the Boundary Waters on smaller lakes doing lake to lake travel.

Group paddling canoes, or "war canoes," are very rarely used for tripping today. They are reminiscent of the voyageurs and their loads of trade goods and furs, paddling long distances for the Hudson's Bay Company. A better choice of equipment would have been smaller, more manageable canoes. More canoes, yes, but each one carrying less gear and only two or three crew members. A 22' Ogilvy weighed 130 pounds, converted to a Selkirk it had to be heavier. On the portages I understand that it took six students to carry these monsters, shouldered, three on each side.

Even 22' Ogilvys with extra freeboard can become overloaded. The boys were 12 to 14 years old so they probably weighed between 100-150 pounds each, add to that their equipment and food for a three-week expedition plus the weight of the sternman and those Selkirk's must have been low in the water. A conservative guess would put the total load in each canoe somewhere near 2,000 pounds or more.

The ice in Lake Timiskaming usually goes out around the first of May each year so the water temperature would still be very low early in June. Any extended immersion in water that cold is going to bring on hypothermia in short order, so the most important thing to keep in mind is to get everyone out of the water as soon as possible! PFDs are important but in ice cold water hypothermia will kill regardless of how much flotation one has. The PFD will only make the recovery effort that much easier.

We have all been taught to "stay with the canoe" but this tragedy should suggest that we question this basic rule. The canoes capsized less than 100 yards from shore, yet the only survivors were the ones who abandoned the canoes and swam to shore. Yes, they ended up on a deserted shore with minimal supplies while most of their equipment and the capsized canoes drifted away downwind, but they did survive. If they had been in the middle of the lake, a half mile from either shore, there would have been no survivors, they all would have been forced to stay with the boats and hypothermia would have taken each and every one of them.

Big water like Timiskaming early in the season deserves respect, add in wind and waves and perhaps the prudent thing to do would be to stay on shore. Set up camp and call yourselves windbound. It has happened to all of us and it is nothing to be ashamed of. Usually on a long expedition it is not uncommon to plan enough time and supplies to include a couple of non-travel days due to weather. If one has to use one of these days right at the outset, so be it.

Over 30 years have passed since the Timiskaming disaster and it still ranks as one of the worst canoeing accidents of all time. If any good can come out of such an event it will be that others reading about it will take the time to train and learn about the dangers that are inherent in early season canoe trips. Stay on shore when the winds kick up. Don't overload the boats. Question the old "stay with the boat" rule and get to shore where you may have a chance to regain some body heat. Make sure that you have the correct equipment for the conditions. Never take on responsibility for an unmanageable group under any conditions.

All of this is not intended to discourage anyone from enjoying a good wilderness trip, it is to bring to light some factors that must be kept in mind when planning this type of an adventure.

For additional details on this story I would recommend the book *Deep Waters, Courage, Character, and the Lake Timiskaming Canoeing Tragedy* by James Raffan, published by Harper Flamingo Canada.

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The following is an account of an overnight sail from Kittery, Maine, to Fort Point, Maine, in late June 2006.

It's 4am and I'm lying in the starboard (leeward) bunk in the main cabin, listening to the ocean rush past the hull at about five knots and to the quiet conversation between my daughter, Rebecca, just 24, and her cousin, Ben, 20, as they sail the boat. We're somewhere southeast of Seguin Island Light, which we passed to port before I came off watch, and are headed almost due east to Monhegan, which we should reach towards sunrise. Ben is plotting our position every 15 minutes, marking it on the line that denotes our course on the chart. Becca has one eye on the radar screen, the other on everything else. They both sound cheerful and confident. I can't help feeling how amazing this is... it's very strange to have one's daughter and nephew in charge, even stranger to have to accept that they are more skilled and experienced than I am, especially sailing at night.

I came off watch at 3am and got some sleep until 5am, but while I'm tired, I'm really too excited to sleep. We've had this lovely 15kt westerly all night which enables us to run effortlessly on an easy reach down the coast. The nearly full moon has been on our right, turning the water to mercury. Visibility is unlimited.

Iwalani, which means "heavenly sea bird" in Hawaiian, her owner and captain, Rebecca, first mate Benjamin Yannuzzi, and I (apprentice deckhand) departed Kittery around 10am yesterday. We could have left earlier but didn't want to reach Penobscot Bay in the dark. So far our timing has been good. A light westerly had held all day and skies were clear, great for our shakedown cruise, and we were off Portland at sunset. Shortly after sunset the wind picked up enough to cause us to drop the jib, leaving the staysail and the main.

The boat seems comfortable and well-balanced with this rig. She is 43' on deck, heavily constructed of Douglas fir, and weighs somewhere in the neighborhood of 44,000 pounds. Maine-built in a barn by Phillip Sheldon be-

Sea Change

By Paul Follansbee

tween 1990 and 2000, *Iwalani* was meant to sail around the world, which she has (Phil and his wife, Amy, completed their circumnavigation in 2003). I have been impressed by everything about the boat; ruggedly built to a George Buehler design she is a thoughtful combination of traditional (gaff-rigged, wood plank construction, deadeyes, tiller) and modern (desalinator, radar, weatherfax, autopilot, refrigeration) which makes her remarkably practical. Rebecca said when she began looking for a boat to live on that she wanted more of a work boat than a yacht, a "boat you can thunk a dory into." You can "thunk a dory" into *Iwalani*.

Rebecca has owned the boat for four entire days. The previous three had been a whirlwind of banks, moving, outfitting, fueling, watering, provisioning, and troubleshooting a balky alternator. It was a relief to get underway.

At 5am Becca comes below to catch some sleep and Ben and I run the boat. The sky is getting brighter in the east and the light on Monhegan is plainly visible, as is the dark outline of the island itself. "Turns out we could see the light on Monhegan all the way from Seguin Island... more than 20 miles," Ben informs me. We watch quietly as the sun rises out of the water right in front of us. The wind begins to fail as the sun comes up but we are reluctant to start the engine, so we slowly sail towards the now backlit island with the houses on the hillside cast in shadow but plainly visible nonetheless.

Alas, the wind dies an hour after sunrise and we are forced to power past Port Clyde towards Two Bush channel which will take us into the bay. The water is glassy and we eat breakfast as lobster boats out of Port Clyde methodically work their traps. As we enter Penobscot Bay a light southerly ripples the surface. The jib goes back up and the motor is shut down. Ben goes up the mast to take pictures and we lazily run up the bay, past

dramatic Owl's Head, and decide to take the western bay approach to Fort Point, our destination. Off Rockport the wind picks up nicely and we begin bowling along. I am steering by hand, just for fun. Through the tiller you can feel the size and power of the boat... a lot different from the tiller of a Shearwater.

Over Camden a rather ominous dark cloud appears with obvious streaks of rain beneath it. It sweeps across Camden Harbor and towards us at alarming speed. Losing sight of the fact that I'm on a world capable boat, I start telling Ben to get the jib off her, forgetting for the moment that I am not in charge. The squall hits as the jib comes down... and we drop all sail and run under power. There is an ominous silence from my daughter. I know I have overstepped my bounds and am embarrassed both by the overstep and by my panic about the squall. I lamely apologize... she says she's mad at herself, "I lost control of my ship." I would rather she had yelled at me.

We motor up the bay in silence under clearing skies. It is extremely beautiful and the breeze, which we are not using because of my rash decision to get the sails down, is delicious. I cannot enjoy the scene or the moment because I am mad at myself and, unaccountably, annoyed with my daughter. We go through the routines of getting the boat ready for anchoring; Ben is politely respectful of the silence, I'm standing up towards the bow, facing forward, when Rebecca, who is more mature than I am, comes alongside and puts an arm around me. Probably because we haven't slept much for the past 30 hours (it couldn't be that I'm that emotional) some tears are shed and we clear the air.

As we approach Fort Point Ledge I experience again that disconcerting awareness that I am no longer really needed by my child or my nephew and I am both proud and shaken. Half an hour later we are dropping the hook, a process made ridiculously easy by an electric winch, in the bright south of Fort Point. It is a lovely evening. Our overnight passage is done and as we row towards the dock I am aware of a sea change, one that took place without my notice, until today.

There's a heart-wrenching picture of a sailboat wedged into the seaward end of the Mission Bay (just north of Point Loma in San Diego) entrance jetty in this morning's paper. The caption indicates a single hander apparently undershot the mark while seeking an overnight mooring. This guy was on his way from San Francisco to Hawaii. The boat appears to have been well found for offshore work. Now, a total loss. While the guy probably single handed intentionally, he probably didn't destroy his boat and dreams intentionally. Over the years I have read a number of these news accounts. Passed the shattered remains. Even witnessed it happen a couple times.

It's pretty normal to retrieve fenders, life jackets, boat hooks, dinghies, dogs, even people coming loose from another boat. Skippers usually appreciate it when I do that for them. No big deal. Some times it's kinda funny.

Night before last my friends Cliff and Sheryl were on essentially the same rhumb line course as I. I suppose it was about 2200 and the wind was light. They were about a quarter mile ahead and slightly to weather. Cliff called me on 68 and asked if I was, maybe, a bit close to the corner boats anchored in the local free anchorage. Thanks, Cliff. In fact, I was. Hey, I've been past this spot a bazillion times. Got it cranked into my GEEPERS. Probably just lost sight of it for a moment behind the genny.

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

That's What Friends Are For

By Dan Rogers

Probably was below making coffee or rum-maging for my hat. Dunno. But there's really no excuse for fetching up on somebody's anchor warp in the middle of the night. That's what friends are for. But they have to be there. And watching.

I can't steer your boat for you. You can't make my decisions for me. But we can, and in my opinion should, be there to offer advice and assistance. Back when I was driving gray ships around boring holes in the ocean, turning NSFO and DIM into smoke, noise, and wakes, I always told my lookouts that they couldn't make me mad by passing too much information. And over the past 50 years or so most of my close calls on the water have resulted from too little information, no shoulder to lean on.

I admit it. I do, occasionally, incur at sea emergencies myself. Seems like most of mine have been at night when I was alone. There have been times when I would have been grateful for another opinion on a light's characteristics, a ship's target angle and apparent course, even the prospects for better weather. The night I caught fire off LA's Point Vicente my buddy boat handled the mayday traffic for me. And had I gotten what I really deserved for my bravado, it would have been really nice to have another boat to swim to.

Another trip, this time in bright sunlight, when my diesel fireplace exploded and ran away with a blaze of raw fuel, it was most comforting to have another boat to sail "interference" for me while I sat impatiently below holding a dish towel and soup bowl crammed into the combustion air intake until the damn firebox cooled enough to let go of it.

I've long ago lost track of the dragged and fouled anchors, broken rigging, torn sails, and clogged strainers that I have helped to put right. Yes, even a few flailing arms and BIG eyes. Nobody expects these things to happen. Most of the time, nothing does. But it's really sad to read about it in the newspaper. Hey, that's what friends are for. To be there, to help. But we have to be there. And watching out for the other guy.

There have been no big adventures in our lives for the two of us this past summer, unless one counts trips to the hospital emergency room for each of us early in the season and the long aftermath. Most of us would think of it as an ordeal. So there have been no trips to the Canadian lakes or the Adirondacks or Maine or anywhere else away from northern Ohio. Our tripping canoe sat on the rack in the boat shed, and it may be there a while longer, as will the kayak and my wife's Monfort Sweet Pea.

Here we are in the toe-hills of the Appalachians, with no mountains and just a few rather small lakes that have accumulated a bit more fertilizer and sediment than they deserve. Lake Erie is no place for a quiet canoe ride and you would not want to risk falling out of the canoe into any of the local rivers. But we do have reasonably good weather most of the time and we do have hills and water and I have a good imagination.

So this morning I took my breakfast out back under the canopy, looked out over the dewy grass in our back yard, and saw the waves break on a Maine shore. The best part is that I was not restricted to one place for I could see Ocean Drive and Schoodic Peninsula in Acadia, then move to Corea, Owl's Head, Spruce Head Harbor, or Marginal Way at Ogunquit. None of them lasted long but I couldn't let reality get in the way as I sat alone and drank my coffee on a crisp, cool early morning.

Soon, with our new strip-built canoe securely tied on the van, my wife and I head to a small local lake surrounded by park land. We do this once or twice weekly, even now as health mends. There is an easy launch point on a beach and we watch a family of mallards swim off as we gently set the canoe in the water and don our life jackets. Although I had not mentioned it to my wife, I brought along a tape recorder with a recording of loons calling. I set it in the canoe and adjust the volume so that we can enjoy it without disturbing others and we are underway.

We head north along the shore. The cool air over the warm water has produced mist that is still on the water at this early hour. We paddle quietly through it as it rises and we are transported to an Adirondack lake, or maybe even a place we know well in Killarney Park. The loons call, we glide slowly along the shore, and I relax. A larger, clearer lake would be nice but that is a luxury we have had and may one day have again. Meanwhile, there are hills around this lake, it is glassy calm this morning, and since it is a weekday there are few fishermen. The canoe moves easily with hardly a ripple and we take long pauses to enjoy the cool morning. We see the sun barely above the hill, not yet warming the air or us.

As we move along into a small bay a great blue heron takes wing. He squawks three times to convey his great displeasure, slowly flies along close to the water to maximize the lift of his wings, and lands again a few hundred yards down the shore. This little exercise will be repeated all along the shore until he tires of it and moves on across the lake. Soon a smaller green heron flaps furiously as he darts out of the brush along the shore and he, too, will land a short way up the shoreline. The raucous call of a kingfisher warns all others along the shore that we are coming as he flies in his somewhat ungainly manner from point to point and back again and a fish jumps near the canoe.

A Small Adventure

By Hugh Groth

It is quiet and serene and beautiful and we were on the water about 15 minutes from home. We slip in and out of the small bays, sometimes under the overhanging maples, oaks, walnuts, and beech trees. Soon they will be turning from green to the brilliant orange, reds, and yellows of fall. We come upon a snag in the water that once held its branches high, recalling for us the times past when we enjoyed its bright red leaves turning before most others in the park. It stood like a banner across the lake, probably stressed and ready to fall into the water, which it eventually did.

We come upon the great blue heron again, if it is the same one. This lake seems to have several in residence. Apparently we are interrupting his breakfast as we watch him stab a small fish, flip it up into his beak, and swallow it whole. Only then does he bother with us, and since we are further out in the water this time he only stands there on one leg, watches with one eye, and does not fly. I think he is a little bigger and definitely not shy, probably not the same bird.

The mist has now mostly become wisps above us as we come around the end of the lake. Only in the shaded bays has it remained on the surface. A little bit of a breeze stirs the water as the rising sun heats the air. It moves the mist and makes it swirl around the reed beds and water lilies. Through the cloud we can see a red-winged blackbird perched on a cattail and hear its call. The day is gaining energy as small ripples form on the water.

We pass the small dock where last spring a mother mallard sat with her brood. They were about 4' above the water and when we came by mom urged the little ones to flop their way off the ledge into the water, one by one. Once she was down as well they proceeded to shadow us all around that section of the lake. Apparently this little family had quickly become used to handouts from boaters but we had nothing for them and they eventually gave up.

We have only been out about an hour now but the day will soon be sunny and hot on the lake so we turn around and take another pass down the east side of the lake, then cross and head for the beach. We have had this little lake almost to ourselves. It is just a little northern Ohio lake, unless you use a little imagination and maybe a tape recorder. We have had this small adventure over and over yet never seem to tire of it. I am sure there will be many more for I am keenly aware that for this the stamina of youth is not required.



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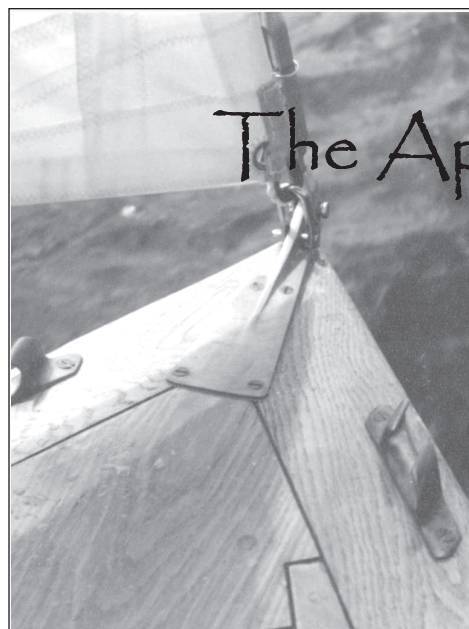
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Tropical storm Hannah passed through overnight leaving our part of Connecticut cloudless, warm, and breezy. It was a perfect September day. When I reported this from the back deck to Judith, who was still eating her breakfast and reading the paper, she suggested we might go for a paddle. I called Joyce, one of our kayak builder friends, and she was also eager to go. I put the 15' Wilderness Systems double on top of the car and we went over to get Joyce and her Pygmy Boat, a 17 Arctic Tern. We took the double so Judith could paddle when she wanted to and wouldn't have to if she didn't. By late morning we were headed out to the Mansfield Hollow Dam between Storrs and Willimantic, thinking Hannah's 5"-6" of rain would make it possible to go way up the Fenton River, the way it does sometimes in spring.

We got the boats off the car and fortified ourselves with the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches Judith had made and some melon I'd cut up. While we were snacking we watched a sailing dinghy tacking back and forth up at the north end of the lake. There was a steady breeze blowing from that direction, maybe 15 miles per hour, unusual for this piece of water. Back when I had a little sailboat I sometimes tried to sail in this place and it could be maddening, little cat's paws and puffs, teasing little breezes, and occasional dead calms. Experiences like that turned me into a kayaker. When there's no wind it's either power or a paddle. I like things simple so it's a paddle. There was no such problem on this day as we

A Two-Rescue Afternoon

A Cautionary Tale

By David Kline

found out when we started paddling into the wind up to the Fenton River.

As we were snacking the little sailboat stopped beating up the lake and started downwind in our direction. Joyce, a graduate of the Mystic Seaport's sailing program, said, "He'd better be a little careful, he could jibe in this wind," and by the time we got ourselves onto the water the sailboat was capsized about 150' offshore. We paddled over to ask if we could help in any way, maybe by getting the boat righted and using Joyce's pump to empty it or by giving him a tow to shore. We tried the first approach without success.

About this time a couple came along in an aluminum rowboat with a 5hp horsepower. I asked if they could give the sailor a tow and they said they would but didn't have any rope. I had the 30' of 1/4" nylon line I always carry and with Judith's help we got one end into the hands of the power boaters, the other into the sailor's, and he got towed in more quickly and easily than if we'd tried the same thing with our kayaks. Once he got his feet on the bottom the sailor said thanks, he had things under control, and the rest of us went on about our business which on this beautiful day was enjoying ourselves.

The Fenton River was flowing through the culvert under Route 89 pretty fast, faster than I've ever seen, including a lot of spring-time paddles over the years. It took some effort but we got up through it and out onto the Fenton. It was high and fast but could be paddled at that point. This river usually presents a rather different problem. It's a beautiful stream but at times the water gets too low to take a kayak very far up it.

The other two rivers flowing into the lake behind the Mansfield Hollow dam have their own paddling limitations. The Mount Hope, which also comes in from the north, offers about 100 yards before rapids formed by boulders. The Natchaug River flows into the southern half of the lake from the south and is a very nice paddle. It is bigger than the either of the others but it, too, is blocked by boulders after a short distance. It's the Fenton that provides the chance of traveling into woodland which would be enhanced this time of year by the smell of wild grapes. That's why it was our destination.

But as it turned out it was too much water, not lack of it, that stopped us before we even got to the little footbridge we have always been able to reach and sometimes go beyond on our previous trips. It became too much sustained effort for me and ceased to be fun. Judith, by then, had stowed her paddle, she thought, for good.

We got turned around, Judith resuming her paddling to help through the turn because of the current, and went down river to locate Joyce. She was tired of fighting upstream, too, and was happy to turn around. This wasn't so easy because of the current but we helped her and all headed down much, much faster than we came up. After a couple hundred yards I looked back to check on her and saw her hung up on a large tree that blocked

about half the river. By then her boat was on its side and she was a few feet away, clinging to the tree with one hand and her paddle with the other.

We turned around, Judith paddling again, and went back up to Joyce. She said she was fine. She had her PFD on, we all did, she's a strong swimmer, a veteran of many laps in the pool over the years and she's not prone to anxiety attacks. The water was warm and quite enjoyable, she assured us later. She was most urgently concerned about losing her paddle and we solved this by Judith shipping hers and taking Joyce's when we got close enough.

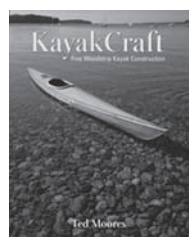
Then she was concerned about her boat, which was lodged against the tree. After some discussion we were able to convince her we'd be able to catch it if she kicked it loose. She did and we did, but by then the current had taken both our boat and Joyce's quickly down the river, leaving Joyce still clinging to the tree. Paddling with another kayak alongside is tricky but we managed to get close enough to the bank so Judith could grab a shrub. This gave us time to figure out what to do next and we needed it. We were only a couple hundred yards above the Route 89 culvert.

Joyce was convinced if she let go of the tree she would be swept past us down the river. I'm sure somewhere in her mind was the possibility of bouncing off its concrete sides if she went through it without her boat. We were about 75' from her and I was sure we would be able to retrieve her before that happened. She suggested we come back up to get her and I explained that wasn't, under the circumstances, possible. We were doing our best just to stay in place.

I suppose we could have tried to tie her boat to the little shrub Judith was holding onto but it wouldn't have been very easy or very secure. I wasn't sure how much longer Joyce's boat would stay afloat. It was full of water and we had never tested the hatches on one of the Pygmy Boats under such rigorous conditions. We finally convinced Joyce we could retrieve her, she let go of the tree, and moments later we had her close enough to the river bank so she could get a footing on something. We got busy, Judith keeping us in place with her grip on the shrub. I gave Joyce's pump more work than it's ever had while she used her sponge. When we got the cockpit empty the boat floated nicely and, while I stabilized it, Joyce climbed back in using the ungainly-but-effective belly on the stern, feet into the cockpit, twist and sit method we learned kayaking in Crete. Judith handed Joyce her paddle and we continued the toboggan ride down the river, through the culvert, and back onto the lake.

We still had a good breeze but this time it was with us and we got back to the launch site in short order. We put the boats on the car, Joyce changed into dry clothes, and just as we were about to head out we noticed a sailing dinghy tacking back and forth up at the far end of the lake. It looked just like the boat we'd seen before and rescued. If it wasn't the same person it was someone in a boat just like his. I like to think it was the same guy. You can't let a little dunk in the water spoil the fun.

We decided that after burning off all those calories we were justified in indulging ourselves by going through Storrs on the way home and stopping at the UConn Dairy Bar for hot fudge sundaes. They were almost as enjoyable as the paddle.



KayakCraft by Ted Moores

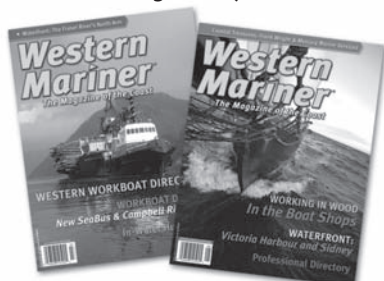
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I had spent the summer I was 13 taking sailing lessons and had been sailing on my own a few times in the Herreshoff 12½, the *Hippen*, without my grandfather. While I'd had a couple of mishaps, they were learning experiences which had, I thought, rounded out my sailing capabilities so that I could now handle any happenstance. One thing I hadn't learned was that flirting with Hubris was foolish for a young sailor. This particular day was quite gusty, a steady 18 knots but blowing up to around 25 knots. I took my neighbor Will Bowman out for a sail.

We did fine until we got out of the harbor's north channel. Outside the shelter of Bassett's Island the whitecaps were continuous and the gusty wind had us dipping the leeward rail several times. We decided to head into the south channel as soon as we could. We should have taken the more sheltered north channel from which we had just sailed. To enter the channel we had to run directly downwind with the sheets extended fully. I'd had enough experience to know that a jibe on a gusty day could be dangerous. But the *Hippen* was big enough to be safe from this hazard, I thought.

I thought wrong. Heading into the narrow, rocky channel where the northwesterly had maximum fetch across the bay, a quick puff a little more to leeward of the prevailing breeze snatched the foot of the mainsail and flung it up towards the mast in a wild jibe.

Our sailing instructor, Chris Thurlby, had taught us the protocol for jibing. We should say in a firm but measured voice, "Prepare to jibe," then wait until the crew could get a firm hold of the sheets, then announce, "Jibe ho!" and edge the tiller far enough to swing the boom to the other tack. As the boom whipped up, I blurted out to Will, "Uh-oh, we're going to jibe!" I still had a lot to learn!

The Gaff in Splinters

After reaching its maximum height, the boom came down hard on the other side, whipping the mainsheet around the cockpit. We heard the crack of splitting wood and I hoped it wasn't the hull or the mast. When the sail had settled on the other tack I headed upwind towards the edge of the channel to make sure we didn't make another accidental jibe. At that point the damage became clear. The top third of the mainsail flopped limply downwind. The gaff was broken about a foot from the throat. Now I knew why my instructor had urged so much caution when jibing. The *Hippen* still made forward progress despite losing so much sail area. We could make it home unless another accident happened. But the waves calmed down dramatically and the wind gusts subsided as we proceeded down the channel. We decided to get home first, then examine the damage once safely back at the dock.

What had happened was the force of the jibing sail had put too much downward pressure on the gaff for it to bear. It had snapped in two with jagged splinters and fissures at the break. Years later, reading about naval battles during the Napoleonic era, I learned how much havoc the splinters from broken spars had caused on deck. Remembering the sharp, knife-like spikes at both ends of the *Hippen*'s broken gaff, I could well believe it.

I was afraid that my grandfather would be upset with me for damaging the boat. But when we showed him what had happened Grandie looked more bemused than annoyed. Immediately he laid out a plan for

Cape Cod Harbors

The Wild Jibe

By Rob Gogan

how he could temporarily repair it. We rigged the gaff pieces, being careful to secure the halyards. Should the ends of their lines slip through the blocks at the top of the mast, we'd either have to pull the mast for re-rigging or climb it to re-thread the halyards. We carried the two pieces of the gaff up from the dock to Grandie's workshop.

The shop smelled musty with old canvas, oil and, if we had used the big grinding wheel for the axe recently, sparks and ozone. Rust induced by the salty air was on every tool that wasn't used often, especially the clam rakes, shovels, and bucksaws sleeping on the walls. The outside wall of the shop had a brass plate 7' off the ground showing the high water mark from the hurricane of 1938.

Grandie propped up the spar parts so that the broken ends were suspended between the sawhorses. He pulled out some glue and a spool of thick grey wire. He glued up the broken ends of the gaff, pressed them together hard, and put about 25 turns of the wire around the break. The glue extruded through the wire insulation and Grandie used a paintbrush to spread and work the glue into the cracks. Then he clamped the whole gaff in a big vice. It looked perfectly straight to me.

"Is it going to be good enough to use again?" I asked.

"Not more than once," Grandie said. "I'd like you to sail her over to Parker's Boatyard tomorrow and get another gaff."

"OK," I said. "Do they have new ones there?"

"I'll call to find out. And you ask for Raz Parker and show him how I made this repair." He apparently felt good about the job he had done. I felt proud that Will had seen the effective repair Grandie had performed.

Kudos for the Jury Rig

The next day, when I showed the legendary Raz Parker the repaired gaff, he was impressed. "Your grandfather, Earl Mitchell, fixed this?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"He did a very good job," Raz pronounced. We left the *Hippen* there for the yard to get a new gaff put on. I reported Raz's admiration to Grandie when I got back and he was pleased with himself. I thought of this day when I read of Raz's passing in 2005. Raz was well-known in the sailing community because he had tailored his boatyard to favor sailboats while his rival across the harbor, Kingman Marine, catered mostly to powerboats. Sailing-friendly as Raz was, I couldn't help but feel some resentment at the fact that he outlived Grandie by so many years. Born only about ten years later than Grandie, he lived nearly 40 years longer. It is sad that the thread of life is clipped so short in some cases.

As I sailed the repaired boat home from the boatyard I thought with pride about my grandfather's craftsmanship. I hoped one day to be as skilled as he at woodwork and mechanical know-how. Forty years later I get great satisfaction from using some of Grandie's tools to build and repair useful

things, with a small fraction of his capability. I've never repaired a wooden gaff but I have re-built the aluminum gaff, rudder, and daggerboard of our Snark. Whatever it takes to keep sailing on the cheap, which is the only way I can go sailing! And since I want to keep on sailing, I use a lot more caution when jibing since that day I broke the *Hippen*'s gaff.

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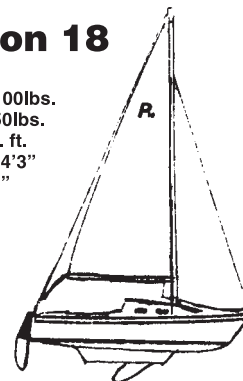
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General Thoughts

My motto has always been: Success is no accident, it is planned. Saying "I'd rather be lucky than good" does not work for me, especially on the water. "Lady Luck" is very fickle and extremely stingy, especially on this venue. And remember, if she does not show up on time, the consequences could be dire.

Sorry if I sound like a teacher (which I was) when I tell you that you would do much better in the long run putting some effort into practicing your skills, working out, getting in shape and informed, gaining experience, and learning to stay cool in tight situations. My paddling many ocean miles confirmed that prudent planning and continuous vigilance are a much more reliable base to build on than hoping that "Lady Luck" will take care of you.

True, some people hate the word "planning" because they want to get away from their often overly-structured life and be spontaneous. I agree with them. Sometimes it is fun to just drift around, let wind and tide take you wherever it will, but in my book only to a point; get real, you have to get back to land, or better, your put-in spot where your car is parked.

I like to go with the flow also, but even that is planned and takes on a realistic meaning. On a rising tide and a SW wind I would rather paddle from Rockland, Maine, to Camden, for example, than the other way around; ie, take advantage of tide and prevailing wind. When I am in my solo outrigger canoe I prefer the wind to come over starboard and not port, where my ama is mounted. This allows me a much smoother, faster, and much more stable and therefore safer and more enjoyable fun-ride than if I had gone in the other direction.

Getting out on the water around sunrise like the lobstermen do also gives you a much calmer weather window, especially if you have to round exposed points or headlands. Unless you are in a storm system it takes the wind a number of hours to strengthen, which it infallibly will along our shores in New England and the Maritimes. So I never leave shore unless I have listened to the latest NOAA weather report on either my VHF radio telephone or the Weather Channel on TV. If they predict a front or a thunderstorm to come through at, let's say, 2pm, you can be sure I am off the water and in my tent by then, even if that means getting up in the dark to get to my pre-set target for the day. So you see, I try hard to set myself up for success, not failure.

One more thing, whenever I push off I almost always have a "Plan B" or even "Plan C" in mind rather than doggedly adhering to my original "perfect" plan. Switching plans is then nothing more than a mid-course correction. It allows me to avoid the feeling of failure and lets me end up feeling accomplished after all.

It is also very easy, and often very depressing, to fall behind on a trip, to procrastinate and talk yourself out of doing what you had planned initially, more so in a group than being alone. As a matter of fact, I have hardly ever gone with a group (for me, two paddlers already constitute a group) that kept to its schedule. There were always excuses, breaks, stops, and problems of one sort or another or just plain disagreement as to when, where, how far, and how fast to go. And that just does not sound like smooth sailing to me and would really get me down.

Trip Planning for Success

By Reinhard Zollitsch



But my greatest problem is going with paddlers who do not plan what they think they can do but what they wish they could do; ie, who set themselves up for possible failure right from the beginning, hoping that "Lady Luck" or the trip leader and the rest of the group will pull them through or out of the drink. Sea kayaking novices should not think of paddling around Monhegan Island, Maine (seven miles offshore) or doing the entire Maine Island Trail (~300 miles). They would surely be setting themselves up for possible disaster. And if by chance they happen to get away with it, this is no reason to swagger but rather is setting a bad example for others and giving our boating fraternity a bad name.

I maintain that even going in a group, paddlers need to be self-reliant and not depend on others for help and guidance. Competency builds confidence which in turn leads to success. Other paddlers or the group are only there in case of a dire emergency. From my point of view, hard as this may sound, other people are mostly more of a liability than actual help.

Even in the tightest situations I am always glad I am paddling solo and do not have to worry about my partner making a mistake. I have set myself up NOT to make one and do not want my concentration to wander for a second, and it would, because I care about others. This brief lapse in concentration might then in turn even get me into trouble. (But don't get me wrong, I am not saying you should all go solo. That takes a lot of guts, skill, experience, and mental fortitude.)

Prudent preparation, including an accurate weather report and careful map reading, a sound boat and equipment, practiced skills, and a sharply focused and aggressive mind have always carried me through tight situations.

So how do you get ready to paddle alone (or in a group) with success? Getting out of your boat offshore and being rescued by

someone else may be nice but does not count as success in my book.

A – You, the Paddler

Make sure you are mentally, physically, and technically up to the trip planned and in the best possible shape. Be positive and ready and know what lies ahead. No drifty "I hope... We'll see when we get there..." Set reasonable goals, know your limits, and prudently bail out when you have reached them.

B – Your Boat and Gear

Have the right boat for the trip you plan. Paddling the entire Maine Island Trail solo in an open C-1 whitewater racing canoe, as I did in 1996, does not sound like a good choice in retrospect. It was exciting and a challenge, though, but please do not imitate that. You see, that was the only boat I had other than downriver racing kayaks and I was just starting to canoe on the ocean. But I had made significant alterations to the boat, like adding a rudder, a 3' bow deck, hip braces on the seat, extra flotation and retainer ropes which made sure my watertight bags would not float away if the unthinkable happened, and I had gone on several long (up to 100 miles) practice runs.

The following year, though, I switched to a covered Verlen Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe with rudder, spray skirt, Ritchie compass, lensatic radar reflector, and bicycle wiggle stick. I have a VHF radio telephone, a satellite phone, an air horn, bailer and pump, you name it, I am ready and totally self-contained for trips up to three weeks, all food for the entire trip plus five gallons of water safely stowed below decks. I hate to stop in harbors for munchies, drinks, food, campgrounds, or motels.

C – Trip Info and the Mind

Success for me goes beyond being safe and getting where I wanted to go and on schedule. I also have to be mentally happy doing it, have to have something to think about and figure out, keep my mind occupied and not get bored paddling 25 miles or six to eight hours every day. I always seek out all the pertinent info about the area I paddle, including history and geology, and above all get real paper NOAA charts for ocean trips, as well as the Coast Pilot and tide tables and geodetic survey maps for river trips.

Having those, it is much easier to plan my overnight spots ahead of time. And again, knowing my own physical capabilities; ie, choose 15/20/25 miles per day on average or whatever I can comfortably do. For me, nothing is more comforting than knowing where I will stop for the night. Saying, "I am sure I'll find a good place when I get there," is fraught with trouble, I may be miles offshore at low tide on the St Lawrence or in Fundy Bay when my tank runs empty, PORTAGE! Or worse, there is no place to land for miles because of the steep, rocky shoreline, as around the Gaspé in Quebec or Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia.

D – Safety

A successful trip, first and foremost, is a safe trip, which takes a lot of preparation (see above). But you also need a contact person to report to on a daily basis. Don't count on a cell phone to work and remember, your VHF has a range of only 20-30 miles, even in an emergency! So the Coast Guard can be out of reach, and is most of the time, in those

areas where I paddle anyway. I call home every day at 5pm via my satellite phone, a brief three-minute call (It is amazing how much I can say when I am organized ahead of time. At \$1.40 per minute there is little time for chit chat.)

These days EPIRBs launch a major rescue effort and are only for bigger ships, I was recently told. Sea kayakers should use a PLB (personal locator beacon) which would trigger the proper response, but both are still exorbitantly expensive. So if you do not have the moola, and few of us do, it is always a good idea to check in with local area Coast Guard, maybe even file your float plan with them via e-mail ahead of time. I have also found it very useful to tell the first fishing boat I meet where I am going. They will pass on the word from boat to boat along the shore I am traveling, as a news item. This happened to me around Prince Edward Island and along the shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and was a very comforting, yet unintrusive feeling.

E – The Comfort Factor

Trip planning for success also addresses the comfort factor; bodily comforts, that is, like the right clothes (polypropylene, polar fleece, nylon, Gore-Tex, wet-suit, dry-suit, booties and gloves, but no cotton or wool as “cotton kills” since it accelerates hypothermia and wet wool never dries). You should also have camping gear with no-see-um screening, including a headnet, and a reliable camp stove with new, ie, full propane tank (avoid liquid fuels, they always spill or leak). And don’t leave home without sunscreen, Tylenol, your medications as well as an emergency First Aid kit. A urinal for in-boat use and buggy nights in the tent is also a very comforting thing to have along.

And don’t forget to work on your mental health. Stay focused and eager, think positive thoughts, and avoid exhaustion, frustration and depression. Do not try to solve family or work problems on the water, you’ll dump for sure. Instead take some interesting mindless fun reading along and write a trip log to put everything in perspective and help you remember things after the trip is over. Blogging while on a trip with a solar panel recharging system seems to be the cool way to go these days but is fraught with trouble. It definitely goes beyond my minimalistic approach.

Whatever you pack, think “portage,” even if that is only a couple hundred yards to shore at ebb tide to your overnight spot above high-tide mark. You will leave many nonessential items at home. Streamline your gear until it will all fit below decks. Nothing should be tied on deck other than your chart, compass, stopwatch, spare paddle, and wet re-entry pole with float bag. And please, do the test packing at home, not at the put-in place with everybody watching and waiting. All too often I see tripping sea kayakers with big bundles tied to their fore and aft decks. How do those paddlers think they are going to do an emergency eskimo roll? They are headed for big trouble, as I see it.

Final Thoughts

That about does it, my friends. So if you are thinking about taking a trip on the ocean, try not to become one of those all too often shown or written about near disaster boaters. But if that does happen, please do not swagger about your own near disaster moments in print. For all it reveals is poor planning

and judgment and is nothing to be proud of. Even pedagogically, negative examples and failure are not nearly as edifying and confidence building as positive success stories, which include a subtle hint as to what went into the success.

Learning from others’ mistakes and doing it right is always better and less painful than making those mistakes yourself and hoping to be given a second chance to learn from them. Remember that fickle, stingy “Lady Luck.”

Careful, yet flexible, trip planning is thus not a sign of a stiff, regimented, non-

spontaneous mind but rather the sign of a person enjoying success in a harsh, unrelenting environment that will punish you for not paying attention and showing respect. Think about that.

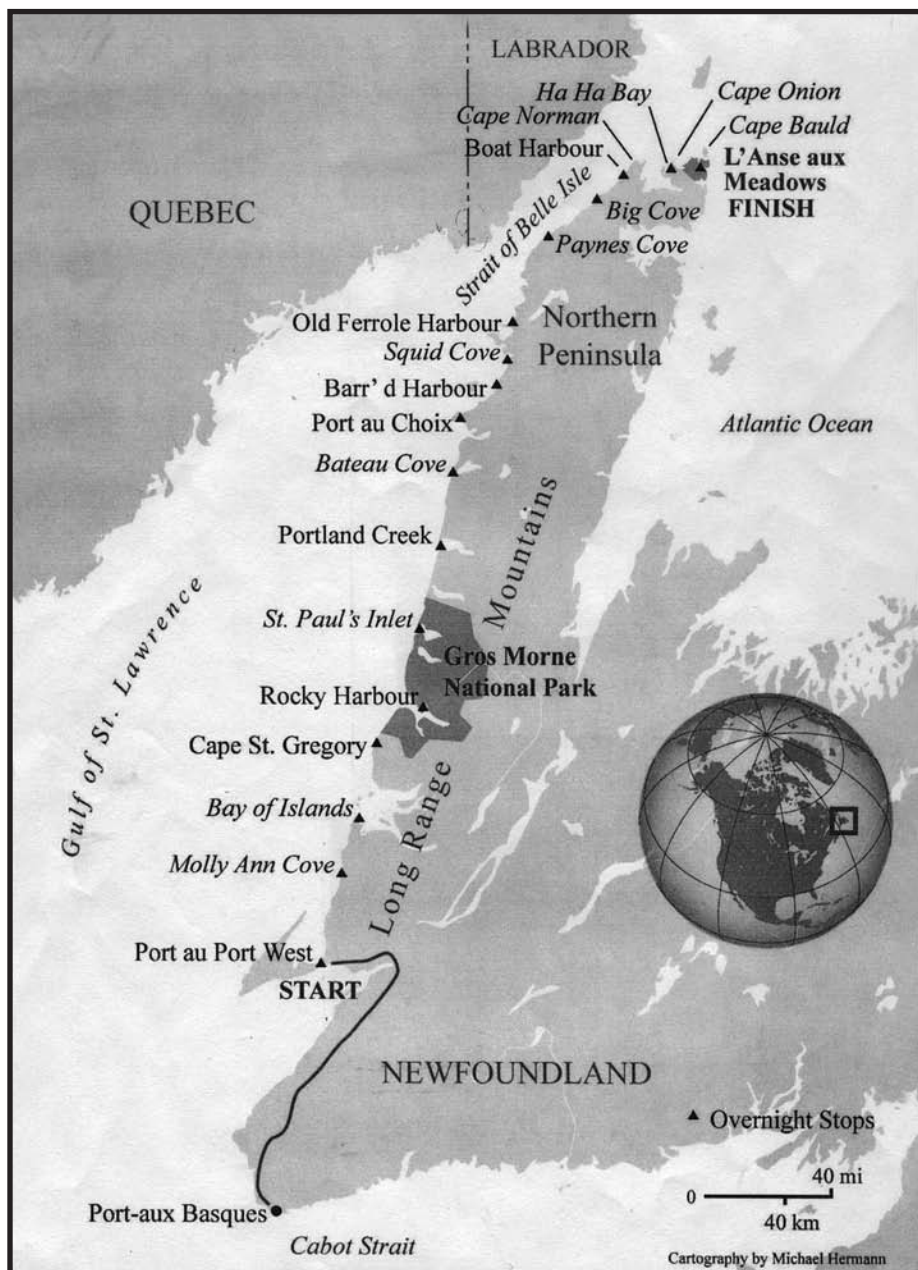
Take care, be safe, and have fun.

(For Reinhard’s trip reports canoeing 4,000 miles solo around all New England states and Canadian maritime provinces, as well as other related articles, see his website at www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com, e-mail: reinhard@maine.edu.)

Newfoundland Paddle Follow-Up

Too bad my map did not make it into the November issue to accompany my report on my solo paddle up the western shore of Newfoundland. Here is a copy together with a photo I just received of myself getting underway at Port au Port. I think a good map enhances any adventure report enabling readers to better envision the scale of the adventure.

Reinhard Zollitsch, Orono, ME



The International Scene

The worldwide financial crisis dominated the shipping sub-world. Containerships were getting \$2,800 a year ago to carry one TEU from Asia to Europe but that dropped to an unprofitable \$700. Rumors abounded that surplus container ships may soon be laid up and it was even suggested that some may be converted into cruise ships or tankers!

Not only container ships were hit hard. The relatively small (61,393 dwt) Panamax bulk carrier *Dong Sheng Ocean* was chartered for a Mid East-China voyage with the charterer paying only the fuel and port costs. One broker described the deal as "rational and normal under the current market condition." There may be other such bare-bone charters.

Not everything got less expensive. Ship operating costs surged over 11% last year, mainly as a consequence of higher crew costs, reported a leading British shipping accountant firm. Apparently fuel was not included in the report's definition of operating costs. But the dropping price of oil was reflected in sharp reductions in fuel surcharges imposed by Maersk Line. The trans-Pacific charge went from \$385 per TEU to \$310, from \$200 to \$100 per TEU for US/Canada, Caribbean, Central America.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

Sinkings and Capsizings

The Korean freighter *Zues-ho* (aka *Zeus*) got caught by Typhoon Hagupit, broke in half, and sank in the South China Sea. Nine bodies were recovered and eight men went missing. No survivors.

The same typhoon battered the British freighter *Maersk Kithira* and the chief mate and chief engineer were injured by shifting cargo during the storm. The chief engineer, a Liverpudlian or "scouse," later died of his injuries.

The same typhoon also sank the local cargo ship *Margilen II* but its crew of 13 managed to swim to a nearby island.

In the Flores Sea a cargo vessel capsized in clear weather and the fate of 12 on board was unclear.

The scrap-loaded, 37-year-old *Tolstoy* sank in the Black Sea after breaking up. Two survivors were rescued by the yacht *Mirage* but eight went missing.

At Poti in Georgia the Ukrainian dredger *Skadovsk* was driven ashore by bad weather and capsized while being refloated. Three of its crew died when it suddenly sank.

Collisions

Several news reports stated that a tug and barge collided with a freighter off the Finnish port of Hanko and the freighter caught fire. There was also a spill of about 150 cubic metres of oil but it is not clear whether this "accident" was real or part of a training exercise by a Finnish government agency.

Groundings

In Kerch Strait the listing sulphur loaded barge *VD-3753* was grounded by its towing tug *Kapitan Rybalko* and tug *OT-1506* to keep it from sinking.

In Argentina the wood-chip carrier *Grandiosa*, (loaded with about 30,000 tonnes of soya bean meal) ran aground while leaving the port of Rosario for Bahia Blanca.

In the Dominican Republic port of San Pedro de Macoris the *Combi-Trader* had engine problems so went to anchor. A storm broke it free and a tug took it in tow. The towline broke and the ship went aground alongside another small freighter, *Jentrader*, which

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

had hit the rocks two weeks earlier.

Fire and Explosion

Moored some ways up the Miami River in Florida the 206' St Vincent & Grenadine-registered freighter *Mystic* caught fire. Firefighters had a hard time quelling the fire in a hold stuffed with alternating layers of used cars and used mattresses.

In the Malaysian port of Miri an explosion wracked a river fuel barge, causing one man to drown and burning another.

Humans

The US Air Force dropped no less than six pararescue jumpers into the night ocean near the bulk carrier *Occam's Razor* several hundred miles north of Saipan because two crew members urgently needed medical attention. The PJs inflated their zodiacs, boarded the ship, and took shifts treating a severe head injury and another man with a back injury (reportedly featuring a pipe through his kidneys). The ship steamed on until it was within range of two Navy helicopters. Unfortunately the man with the head injury died shortly after reaching the hospital.

The North Korean-flagged *Rakwon 2* arrived at Piraeus and Greek authorities promptly put it in quarantine after one crew man was taken to the hospital with active tuberculosis and the remaining 33 members of the crew tested positive.

About 200 miles off Durban the German container ship *Niledutch Asia* was hit by an unusually large wave and the chief officer was killed while two others suffered serious injuries.

At St Petersburg the fourth engineer was fatally injured while making engine repairs on the reefer *Crystal Iris*.

In an Atlantic storm the bosun of the *Elena Shatrova* was badly injured and was later heli-lifted to Vigo, Spain.

On the Lower Mississippi River the master of the bulk carrier *Amazonia* was heli-lifted after suffering cardiac arrest.

In Singapore a diver working on a ship was swept away by strong currents, two other divers survived.

Odds and Ends

The Russian ro-ro *Neku* was taken in tow by the salvage tug *Lazurit* after fishing nets became entangled in the screw of the freighter off Vladivostok.

In the Irish Sea off County Mayo the *Solitaire* was one hour away from starting to lay a gas pipeline when an essential 80-tonne section of her equipment fell overboard and sank. She returned to a UK port for repairs and the hunk of junk will be salvaged for safety reasons.

Grey Fleets

A US Navy sailor was mortally injured aboard the submarine *USS Nebraska* while it was submerged off Oahu. According to a local news account he became "entangled and pinned in the ship's rudder" (rudder-actuating mechanism?).

The Russians successfully test fired a Bulava-M missile from the recently modernized Typhoon-class submarine *Dimitri Donsky* in

the Barents Sea. The missiles will become a weapon in Russia's state-of-the-art arsenal.

The US Navy showed off an unmanned, remotely controlled sub-detecting fast boat. The 39' Unmanned Surface Vehicle would be carried by the new Littoral Combat Ships. The price will be \$46.3 million per package of two Unmanned Surface Vehicles, three underwater sensor systems, computer software and maintenance, and support equipment, and 32 USVs will be deployed in 2011.

White Fleets

Vancouver, British Columbia, saw 18 cruise ships arrive in one week with five arriving on one day. One reason was the relocation of some ships. Normally the weekly traffic would be 10-12 ships.

The *Europa* again received the highest honors as best cruise ship of the year from at least three rating groups and the *Hanseatic* was rated as the top expedition cruise ship.

A US Coast Guard helicopter medivaced a man who was hurt in a fall on the *Sapphire Princess* while it was moored at Juneau.

In Finland a fire broke out on the *Oasis of the Seas*, the first in a series of two 225,000-gross-ton cruise ships being built at a shipyard. Welding caused insulation material on deck 9 to ignite. Some damage, no casualties, but smoke damage from deck 9 upwards.

Japan considered sending an Indian Ocean-based destroyer to escort the Japanese cruise ships *Asuka II* and *Nippon Maru* through Somali waters but decided not to divert the ship from its mission of escorting a Japanese tanker refueling Allied forces.

Capt Trond Lippestad, master of the Oslo-based *Braemar*, handles customer problems by stating, "If you have any complaints, please submit them to me personally. In writing. In Norwegian."

They That Go Back and Forth

Boat collisions in Sydney Harbour may be fewer now that night-vision devices will be installed on 31 ferries.

A ferry capsized in the Democratic Republic of Congo leaving about 14 of about 100 passengers dead.

An engine room fire on the high-speed ferry *Lady Martha*, which runs to Martha's Vineyard Island in Massachusetts, luckily ignited just as the vessel was nearing its slip and the six passengers got off safely while firemen boarded. Both engines will have to be removed and the owners were studying service alternatives.

The engine room of the wooden ferry *Usaha Baru* caught fire off the coast of Maluku province in Indonesia and at least nine of 77 passengers were killed and 35 were treated for burns.

In the Cebu province of the Philippines a strong wind caused the *Superferry 12* to ram the side of the *Princess of the South* while it was docking and the mooring lines became entangled. Passengers were delayed for three hours. Both ferries are owned by companies noted for accidents, often quite serious, that happen to their vessels.

In Bangladesh two two-decked ferries collided at night, nine were injured.

In the Sea of Marmara the Turkish ro-ro ferry *Hayat N* went down in 15 minutes, trapping some persons sleeping in their vehicles. Eighty-nine of 98 people on board were rescued but lost were 73 trucks (some large) and two cars.

In Malaysia a syndicate crowded 140 Indonesians wanting to get for home for the Hari Raya Aidilfitri holiday onto the 50' work barge *Saudara*. It sank off Port Klang ten minutes after leaving its "home" port (a mangrove swamp) and only 125 survived.

Nature

Is it OK to wash coal, iron ore, stone dust, and the like off the decks of Great Lakes freighters after they have been loaded? About one million pounds goes into the Lakes each year and the US Coast Guard has been granting exemptions to clean-water laws and regulations because the practice seems to cause little, if any, environmental damage. Canada allows such deck-washings. Now the Coast Guard is re-thinking the matter and recently issued an interim rule allowing sweeping or washing of non-toxic materials only in limited areas.

An expert warned the shipping industry that use of biofuels such as biodiesel and ethanol are hydroscopic (absorb water) and can cause corrosion of fuel tanks, lines, and other equipment. Biodiesel also acts as a degreaser and would clean off and carry any impurities from transfer lines so as to contaminate a cargo.

Ships in certain US shipping lanes will have to cruise at 10 knots during seasons and in places when right whales can be expected to be present.

A Norwegian firm ordered two ro-rors that will operate entirely on LNG. They will be used on ten-day round trips between Norway, the Baltic, and the UK.

The US Navy chartered the kite-powered freighter *Beluga Skysails*. The company estimated that the device can save 20-30% of fuel costs but the kite played no part in the Navy's decision.

Legal Matters

The Spanish chief engineer of the tanker *Nautilus* and two foreign companies were indicted in the US for knowingly violating anti-pollution measures (use of a "magic pipe," false log-keeping, etc). He faces up to six years of jail time and a quarter-million dollar fine, the companies face \$500,000 fines on each of five charges.

Confusingly, a few days earlier in the same Boston court the Ukrainian chief engineer of another tanker *Nautilus* pleaded guilty to similar charges and faces similar penalties.

In Tacoma a South Korean company will pay a fine of \$500,000 plus a community-service payment of another \$250,000 for dumping oil-soaked grain overboard from its bulker *Pan Voyager*. Two whistle-blowers will receive \$125,000.

A French judge issued international arrest warrants for nine Senegalese officials he deemed responsible for the sinking of the Senegalese ferry *Joola* that killed 1,863 people including 22 French nationals in 2002. In turn, Senegal started legal proceedings against the French judge for "abuse of authority and bringing our institution into disrepute."

Metal-Bashing

One expert predicted that container ships will reach a natural maximum size of no more than 20,000TEU and the VLCC (see later) equivalent will be the 15,000TEU container ship. Bigger ships would take too long to load and unload.

Russia's Sevmash shipyard, long plagued by non-performance problems (a badly delayed aircraft carrier conversion for India and cancellation of a large commercial order for ships, among others) announced that it will be unable to complete the *Prirazlomnaya* oil platform on schedule and that will delay production from the first offshore field in Barents Sea until after 2010. Delivery of the platform, designed to withstand severe Arctic conditions, has already been delayed several times.

Weakening prices for steel plate, falling currencies, and credit restrictions put simultaneous hits on ship scrapping in Bangladesh, India, and Pakistan, the first time all three countries have been thus affected at the same time. For example, in one month prices paid for tankers to be scrapped dropped from \$770 per light displacement ton to \$600-550 ldwt.

A Liverpool company won a contract to scrap British warships in an environmentally friendly way. First to go will be ex-*HMS Intrepid*, a landing platform dock that played a major role in the Falkland War. Elsewhere, another UK company was OK'd to scrap the former French aircraft carrier *Clemenceau*.

Responding to Greenpeace's claims that the *New Atlantica*, imported under the new name of *Enterprise*, was hazardous and toxic, Bangladesh's high court ruled that the tanker could not be scrapped. Then a government inspection found no excessive amounts of hazardous material and the ruling was reversed.

Illegal Imports

The US Coast Guard intercepted a semi-submarine 400 miles south of the Mexico-Guatemala border. The 60' craft held seven tons of cocaine and the bust came four days after the Service grabbed another semi-sub off Costa Rico, also with seven tons of cocaine on board (mass production maybe?).

In Liberia, nine Ghanians went on trial because 92 barrels containing 2.4 tonnes of cocaine were floating in nets attached to their fishing vessel, the *Blue Atlantic*.

Off the island of Lampedusa the Italian Coast Guard intercepted a boat carrying at least 200 illegal immigrants.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Life and death battles often occur in the West Sea as Chinese fishermen contend with South Korean Coast Guard personnel protecting that nation's EEZ. Fishermen used pipes, shovels, and thrown bottles and fishing gear to prevent boardings and a Coastie died from blows to his head. Eleven Chinese face trial.

Piracy caught the fickle attention of the world with Somalia getting the most attention but elsewhere, for example, knife-wielding pirates raided the tanker *Sun Geranium* and the bulker *JKM Muheiddine* in the South China Sea, other pirates captured the tug *Whale 7* and its barge *Sinobest 2503* off the east coast of Malaysia and marooned their crews on an island, and eight seamen were abducted from the *Avero* in Nigerian waters.

As for Somalia, increasingly sophisticated pirates hijacked 17 vessels in an 80-day period and were holding hundreds of mariners as prisoners. The pirates claimed they are misunderstood "gentlemen who work in the ocean" and they protect Somalia against rampant and illegal over-fishing and pollution and there was a smidgen of truth in these claims.

Nevertheless, the UN called for member nations to do something and some sent

warships and aircraft, the Danish frigate *Absalon* captured ten pirates but had to free them. There was talk of private armed guards on ships and others hoped for someone that could ensure that food-aid ships got through to Somalian ports. But the warships and planes basically stood by while ship-owners and pirates bargained over the ransoms to be paid.

And ransoms were paid. For example, Malaysian firm MISC got two of its ships back for something like \$4.7 million and pirates initially asked \$20 million for the Ukrainian ship *Faina* (which unexpectedly was carrying 33 ex-Soviet T-72 tanks and munitions, probably for Kenya) but later reports said they would accept \$5 million (to complicate that affair, *Faina's* master died from a heart attack). And merchant crews will get double pay while transiting Somali waters.

Odd Bits

In service since 2002, the sophisticated livestock carrier *Becrux* has carried three million sheep to the Middle East and two months earlier celebrated carrying its half-millionth cow.

While transiting the Bosphorus a "ship" may show up on radar but not appear later. The blip may be one of several power cables that cross the waterway between the two halves of Istanbul. The cables are clearly marked on charts, but even so ships transiting the Bosphorus in poor visibility have, on occasion, taken unnecessary evasive action and even ended up running aground.

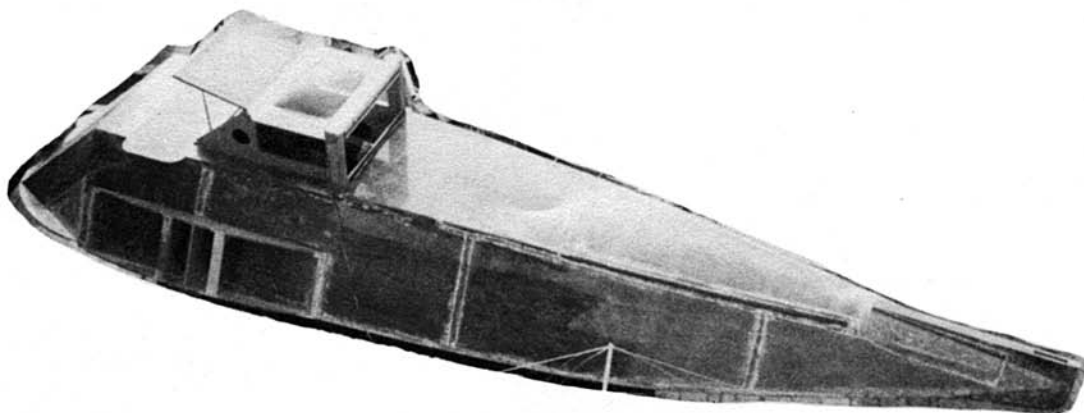
This columnist carefully does not explain acronyms and names, leaving it to the readers to research on Google and elsewhere. But in a moment of temporary weakness he will explain that crude oil tankers are classed by size. Panamax (largest that can go through the Panama Canal): up to 70,000 dwt, 400,000 barrels. Aframax: 70,000-120,000 dwt, up to 750,000 bbl. Suezmax: 120,000-200,000 dwt, about 1,000,000 bbl. Very Large Crude Carriers (VLCC): 200,000-325,000 dwt, about 2,000,000 bbl. Ultra Large Crude Carriers (ULCC): 325,000-550,000 dwt, up to 4,000,000 bbl.

Google may place its heat-producing, power-hungry supercomputers that drive its search engines on barges. Wave energy could both cool and power the equipment and, if the barges are far enough offshore, Google might not have to pay property taxes.

Russian billionaire Roman Abramovich added the 505' yacht *Eclipse* to his fleet of the 163' *Sussurro*, the 282' *Ectasia*, and 377' *Pelorus*. He recently sold the 370' *Le Grand Bleu*. The new yacht "eclipses" Paul Allen's 414' *Octopus*, the former biggest yacht, and has bulletproof glass and armor for the wheelhouse and owner's cabin plus missile-detecting radar and an escape submarine.

Head-Shaker

The US Navy has its heavy frigate *USS Constitution*, a heavy frigate launched in 1797, and the Royal Navy has an equivalent monument to past glories in *HMS Victory*, a larger (ship of the line), older (1759-1765) vessel. But the *Victory* is expensive (something just under £3 million a year) to maintain and so the Ministry of Defence is considering giving it to some non-profit group. MoD's logic is that this gift would save it money but the ship somehow would still be part of the Royal Navy.



If Dennis Matt had just told us about his ideas for a boat held like to build, I guess we'd have dismissed it all as sort of a weird or crazy project. But since he has actually gone ahead and built the boat according to his concepts, it deserved a look in our opinion, and so we had a look. Subsequently Dennis spoke at our local traditional small craft club meeting and, despite some incredulity at certain aspects of his approach to boat building, in sum he sort of had to be taken seriously because he is doing what he says.

Dennis is an industrial designer and graphics specialist. He doesn't know much about boats, let alone designing them. So when he had an opportunity to design a boat for a potential customer to use as a graphics display touring facility in Europe, he went right ahead.

As we write this in mid-October the design is complete and a 30' prototype is nearly done. Dennis had been hopeful of being launched into Marblehead Harbor by late October but he had the same sort of delays anyone building any sort of boat seems to experience. So rather than wait until he faced his moment of truth, we're going ahead with this article and will follow up after the launch with a report on how it went.

The 30' prototype is half the size of the proposed craft and looks a lot like the front end of the Concorde supersonic jet. But unlike that craft it is built from ordinary plywood, glued and nailed up into its unique shape and then covered with epoxy and fiberglass. Dennis built it himself and has about \$2,000 invested. He also scavenged what he estimates is about \$800 worth of free stuff so places the cost, excluding his labor, at about \$3,000. He built it in Marblehead at the Wells Yacht Yard on Front Street.

About that shape. Long, pointy bow with abrupt stern, pilothouse popping up well aft. The hull in cross section is five-sided. Dennis began construction of the boat on end, stood up on its stern. This was because he found the only free space available to him inside the sheds at Wells' was between the stored yachts so his boat began to grow vertically up from the stern!

Now the concept is that of the industrial designer. The full size model, if built, is designed to be a floating display case on Eu-

25 Years Ago in MAIB

What Hath Dennis Wrought?

By Bob Hicks

ropean canals. Inside along the sloping top-sides (sloping IN toward the deck from a line roughly halfway between keel and deck) will be various audio visual displays of certain products. Up in the pointy bow will sit a hidden projector with its screen in between it and the viewer. The viewer will look toward the bow and see visions of whatever is being hustled. That's the rationale for the shape.

Dennis had no hangups about all of this, it served his purpose as an industrial/graphics concept. Likewise he was not hung up on construction musts. The only must for the prototype, which he had to build out of his own pocket, was the slimness of that wallet in that pocket. So the free, if cramped, building space and the vertical progress. And the lumberyard plywood, ordinary exterior grade. And the lumberyard 2"x4" frames. And the ordinary carpenter's glue and nails.

Dennis began by standing up five 4'x8' plywood sheets on the five-sided cross section shape and along each joint inside stood 16' 2"x4"s. He glued and nailed these in place, then went up a second story with a second round of five 4'x8' sheets of the 3/4" ply. Now he had a 16' tall five-sided box. Now to bring it all to a point at the front.

This was accomplished by setting up a second set of 16' 2"x4"s overlapping the first a bit, securely fastened to the splice. The five sticks were then gathered in at their upper ends with a Spanish windlass, cranked in until they about touched. Then on went the next two rounds of plywood, now cut to shape to fit the steadily reducing cross section. This left a blunt bow, later Dennis would fabricate a pointy end to cap it.

Asked about the bevels on the inside frames at those odd angle seams, Dennis replied, "What bevels?" With no boat building background he just nailed and glued the ply to the frames and then filled up the gap with resin putty. He built several interior bulkheads with round openings to pass through. "Don't you think the round openings look rather nice?" he asked us. Well, he was right, they did. He has the knack for how it looks, maybe not much like a boat, but it does look sort of OK as maybe a piece of sculpture.

But it is a boat. So onward. It was spring and Dennis got it all outside into a cramped nearby backyard driveway. Now it was down on its keel, more like how boats are built. The keel. Yes. Here is more innovative thinking. Dennis had several other considerations to plan on, it seems. He might just end up doing some undersea treasure hunting in the Mediterranean off the shore of Libya, apparently some Nazi treasures, all documented according to Dennis, are sunk just offshore near Tripoli. The prototype craft would serve as an undersea platform, slung beneath the full scale model some 60' or so, where it would be flooded and serve as a work station for scuba divers as well as bring lights closer to the work area.

What about all that carpenter's glue, water soluble stuff? Dennis figures the epoxy coating will protect it. And the keel? Right. Well, to got some stability in the odd-shaped hull, along its axis, like keep it from rolling like a log, Dennis decided to hang on a keel. But he didn't put it on vertically like a sailboat but horizontally between two vertical fins. Thus all the weight is at the bottom of the keel, thus less weight for the same amount of righting moment. Hard to fault that logic.

The keel is a piece of sheet metal folded over into an airfoil shape and filled with concrete. The thin edge of the foil faces ahead. Dennis also figures that when underway on the surface, the way in which this opening will act as a sort of venturi should help stability. I guess he just feels that it will. Then he later decided to put on a couple of more fins, perpendicular to the two underwater sides of the hull, thus angled outwards like small bilge keels. And then he added on some outside buoyancy tanks on the two sides above the waterline. Dennis says all this was run



From pointy stem through quite spacious interior on to truncated stern, this is a unique craft, indeed.

through a computer at his sponsor's firm, the people who might buy the big version if the prototype works.

Are you still with me? Let's go on. Power. Dennis plans on an inboard mounted outboard, was still looking for a deal on one at press time. It sits ahead of that truncated stern and its backwash will flow right past the big outboard rudder Dennis has conceived. This rudder pivots on a rather conventional rudder post well ahead of the semicircular rear deck edge. He plans to have the big rudder fitted with a roller which will run along the arc of that deck edge to give it plenty of rigidity. It should have plenty, I couldn't possibly say if he really needs so much rudder though.

The pilothouse is out of scale as it would not fit Dennis if to scale. It has cast off aluminum mast sections as corner posts. The view forward is uncannily like that from a jetplane cockpit (as seen on various TV programs).

On power Dennis also was formulating ideas for sail power, too. He had a simple sketch of a triangular sail and a curved mast. Really curved. It seems he has some ideas on how this will improve air-flow on the sail as will the inward slanting upper sides of the hull. No, he says, he knows nothing about sail theory and design. Again, it's the industrial designer at work. Well, unlike the boat, which does look as if it will float and probably even be possible to use, the sail concept seems doomed to me. But it's not my boat.

The boat has been built rather well. The construction is solid, the pieces all seem to fit up closely (those inside gaps between longitudinal stringers and ply are out of sight). Dennis has used all his ingenuity to get the most out of the least. So it certainly will be watertight and will float. And on what waterline? When Dennis spoke to us about that he sort of drew in a dotted line on the sketch on the blackboard. "Right about there," he decided. It's going to be very interesting to see this thing afloat.

The trim can be adjusted fore and aft by the placement of gear. I had a gut feeling it had way too much buoyancy aft and that the pointy bow would bury itself in the water. The keel weight near the back will help trim some but the lack of buoyancy up front looks really bad to my amateur eyes. The keel weight should keep the trim pretty much all right across the beam if too much stuff isn't

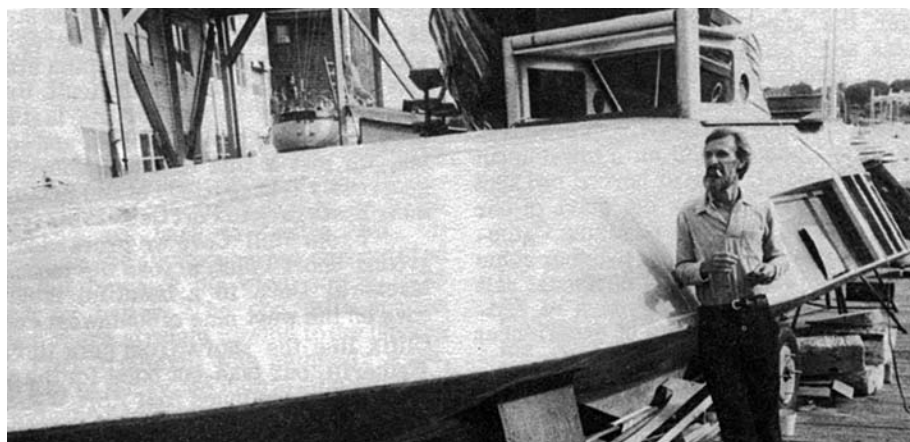
crowded into one side. But this would be like any boat with a vee bottom.

Dennis seems to benefit from an unstructured, if near destitute, existence. He plans to go south to Florida via the Intracoastal Waterway in the craft, the deadline being January when he says he has a teaching assignment to undertake in Florida. After that he plans to ship the boat overseas to the Mediterranean. At least he's not planning to go across in another of those sensational ocean crossings in small boats.

Dennis has been the subject of a lot of joking by Marblehead boat people. It's understandable, given his concept, lack of boat building background, and his vaguely artis-

tic, "creative" manner. If the boat fails in its purpose due to his concepts, which is a strong likelihood, the scoffers will be vindicated. If he can somehow make it work, well, he will be vindicated somewhat. We'll keep on the subject and as soon as the boat is afloat we'll be back with installment number two on this particular dreamboat.

(Editor Comments in 2008: The boat was launched in Marblehead Harbor where it languished on a mooring for some time apparently unattended. Subsequent reports to me from readers in that town said it had sunk, thereafter its fate is unknown.)



The designer/builder and his creation.



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My first exposure to the Adirondack guideboat was in the late 1960s, just before my last semester of college. A friend and I had taken one of my small sailboats out to Fourth Lake, in the Fulton Chain of Lakes located in the Adirondack Mountains of New York State. It was early morning and there was almost no wind. I had just finished a long underwater swim and had removed my mask and fins. I was sitting on my vessel in the middle of the lake near a tiny island composed primarily of huge granite boulders. A few pines had flourished in a small amount of soil located between those boulders and a lovely little house was partially hidden within those few trees.

A young woman suddenly appeared, rowing out from a small dock on the island. She was one of the summer inhabitants of the island which had apparently belonged to her parents. She was rowing an old, rotten, battered, leaky guideboat that had once been painted green. The rowlocks were worn and very loose in their sockets, making audible clunks and threatening to jump out with every stroke of the oars.

Although the vessel was in sad shape the young woman held it in very high regard since it moved through the water easily and was apparently comfortable to row. We talked briefly about the death of one of her male companions (his neck got tangled in line and he drowned) on an overturned sailboat that summer and then of the coolness of the dark lake water in early September. I watched her slowly row around another island on what was to have been her last row of the summer before she, too, had to return to college.

Most of the guideboats I have since seen are between 14' and 20' long. Although the builders certainly had native birch bark canoes as models, the guideboat represents the move to sawn lumber and the beginning of the industrial age. They typically had flat, narrow plank bottoms and the larger ones were roughly 4' across the gunnels. Their flat bottoms keep them upright on a flat beach, allowing clumsy sports (clients) to enter and leave without tipping the boat or crushing the narrow frames. Those flat bottoms are so narrow that they keep the waterline width fairly low, allowing guideboats to move quickly when driven hard under oars. Perhaps Phil Bolger knows what he's doing when he plants long, narrow appendages beneath many of the vessels he designs. He certainly seems to believe in a hollow entrance.

Why the Adirondack Guideboat Continues to Win Races

By Mark White

The fine, sharp, hollow entry of the typical guideboat makes minimal disturbance as the vessel slices through the water. Seaworthiness and carrying capacity ride high in the buoyant sides while the narrow bottom of the vessel acts a bit like a narrow racing shell in the water. It was an unusual design that was carefully honed over at least 100 years of development and production in Adirondack waters, starting around the early 1840s. It is a design that probably cannot be improved upon.

While Paul Gartside's version of the English-oared Flashboat is very fast under oar, the type lacks the deep, flat-bottomed "gutter" in the center that provides needed stability on the beach, although it does provide a narrow underbody when underway. Since so much of a rowboat's utility lies in the ability to take to the beach gracefully, the narrow, flat bottom is very useful in widely varying circumstances.

While canoes are fairly narrow over the gunnels, they are relatively wide at the waterline. The entry of a typical canoe is fairly blunt while the entry of a typical guideboat is quite sharp and fairly hollow. A sharp entry is very important on a human-powered vessel while a sharp hollow exit may not be as critical.

The hull speed of a displacement vessel is related to length and breath with one formula being the square root of the waterline length in feet x 1.4 equalling the hull speed in miles per hour. A longer hull is typically faster but only in proportion to the square root of the waterline length. The number 1.4 is a fudge factor and I have seen that figure run all the way up to 1.65 for different hull types.

One device currently exists to extend the waterline length. On the trireme warships, starting around 700BC, the Phoenicians, Greeks, and Romans used a long ram or beak designed to break into enemy vessels by punching through at the stern, just below the waterline. The vessels carried 170 oars in three rows per side, drew about 3', and were about 120' in length. Many of the crews were paid, practiced often, and were very strong.

A human in good condition is good for about 1/6hp. Each man had about 2 cubits (4.4') of space to row in and carried his own oar, a seat cushion, and an oar loop.

When rowed, the triremes had a cruising speed of about 6 knots, a battle speed of 8 knots, and a ramming speed of at least 10 knots. The trireme has a theoretical hull speed of about 15 knots although a rough wooden vessel would be hard pressed to reach that velocity with a meager 28hp, windage, and erratic oar movements. Victorious vessels captured enemy beaks and brought them back home to be placed on speaking podiums. The Roman name for beak is rostrum which is why speaking podiums are sometimes called rostrums, even today.

The shipping industry forgot about the beak, or rostrum, for a couple of thousand years until sonar domes were eventually placed just beyond and below the bows of warships during World War II. They soon learned that a penile-shaped implement placed below and ahead of a ship's bow tended to plow up the water ahead of the vessel, increasing both speed and efficiency by increasing the vessel's effective waterline length beyond its physical dimensions. Today the bulbous bow is used on almost all merchant vessels, increasing both speed and efficiency by as much as 20%. Such an implement could be placed on rowing and sailing vessels, although it would likely interfere with the ability to turn quickly.

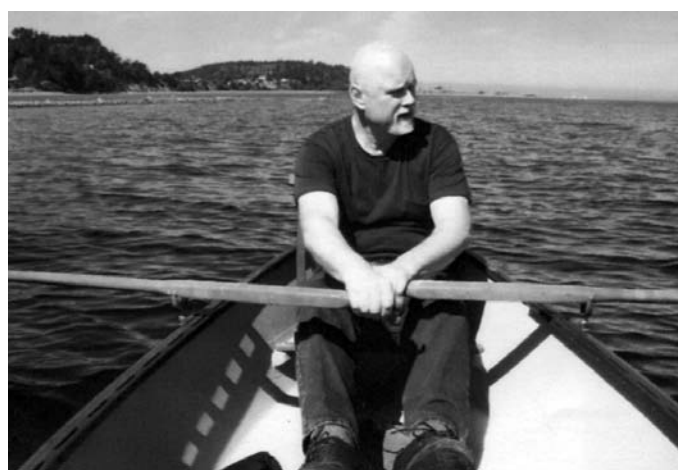
It has been said that most of the penile-shaped bulbous bows used today are undersized and that performance could be increased somewhat if the water plowing implements were longer and larger in diameter. That is food for thought for those with the time and initiative to experiment with small rowing vessels.

Canoes and kayaks are typically powered by paddles while guideboats are typically powered with oars. Paddles, unfortunately, deliver power asymmetrically, causing a vessel to weave from side to side as it is paddled. Paddles usually depend on the paddler's relatively weak, poorly-supported trunk muscles in the human power train and they lack a useful fulcrum. Oars, by contrast, can deliver motive power symmetrically, always employ a solid fulcrum, and employ the more powerful muscles of a human's legs, back, arms, and shoulders (delivered in concert with the body's rigid leg bones) with the feet braced against a solid stop.

Three boats from the Adirondack Guideboat Co. The one in the center is a true 15' Guideboat.



The author in the bow, taking a cross-handed pull at the oars.





Note the folded seatbacks. They make a huge difference in back comfort and are definitely worth having.

The bottom line is that oars are typically three to five times more powerful than paddles over the long haul. The human machine is overpowered for the slight effort it takes to move a guideboat at hull speed so a human in good condition can row the vessel for hours. If the seat(s) and backrest(s) are comfortable, a guideboat can be rowed much farther than a canoe can be paddled, and with considerably less effort.

Even though the guideboat typically has twice the carrying capacity of a canoe, it moves through the water more easily than a canoe. When combined with the superior propulsion of a decent set of oars, the guideboat can be driven much more efficiently than a canoe and with considerably less effort.

It appears that the guideboat's unusual bottom shape and sharp ends are responsible for much of its efficiency in moving through water. The guideboat's oars are also partially responsible. At first look the fixed oars (pinned to the locks) seem to be less efficient than oars that feather, but the blades are of moderate size (neither too big nor too small), and the guideboat's waterline length limits the vessel's top speed. The oars are returned in the perpendicular position (a slight loss of efficiency) but the pinned joints prevent effort being expended in trying to feather and, in some cases, trying to hold the oars in their proper position in the locks.

Saltwater (at 64lbs/cu ft) is about 800 times more dense than air (at .08lbs/cu ft) so air resistance of an oar blade returning for the next stroke is not as severe as one might imagine. The resistance of an erect human on a seat provides a lot more air resistance than an oar blade. The pinned oars eliminate a lot of mental effort and concentration with regard to holding and positioning and that appears to be significantly more important than trying to gain a little more efficiency by feathering blades.

I do not enjoy crossing my arms while rowing but that also promotes a slight gain in efficiency by eliminating a little oar windage. This brings us to the subject of long sweeps (a sweep is a longer, single oar operated by two hands) instead of relatively short oars. If a large guideboat is employed (say 20' long) and if two rowers are evenly matched, it would be possible to use two sweeps in tandem instead of four oars in tandem. Two single sweeps in the hands of two well-matched individuals would allow the entire width of the vessel to be employed (instead of about half the width) for oar handle movement inboard. This would seem to allow an increase in motive power for those who want to drive a vessel faster than its waterline hull speed would dictate. A very long vessel powered with four or eight sweeps can be very impressive to man.

Of course Steve Kaulback (Adirondack Guide Boat Co) messed with different guideboat



Top view of a very nicely finished wooden guideboat.

models and ultimately built the most perfect 15' model for the mold plug for his Kevlar versions. Just as sawn wood planking replaced birch bark 150 years ago, fused fiber covering (fiberglass and Kevlar) replaces most wood construction today. Done properly, a wooden vessel can be a touch lighter and stiffer but it requires a lot more care and doesn't weather as well.

Rowing is among the best of the body building/conditioning exercises. In today's world there are many who are over-nourished and under-exercised. For those elite few who are fortunate enough to be near water, a row each morning can be a definite boost to health and longevity. If there is room, a sliding seat increases the value of the exercise by allowing the legs to engage in a bigger share of the work.

This sailing kayak is a concept craft that paddles like a kayak, sails like a sailboat, and converts in minutes. The secret of its success is in the way it is operated, kneeling facing forward like paddling a canoe was taught in Scout camp. Kneeling gives more paddling power than sitting. Kneeling facing forward allows quickly and easily shifting body weight to steer and to compensate for wind gusts. It has no rudder.

Think of this craft as similar to a sailboard with a fixed daggerboard. To sail a sailboard, the mast is moved backward to come up into the wind or forward to fall off the wind. This sailing kayak has a fixed mast. To steer, the leeboard is rotated forward to come up into the wind, backward to come away from the wind, or left it in a mostly vertical position for going in a straight line. To turn 90 degrees through an oncoming wind, the leeboard is rotated forward and the boat is heeled. The boat comes up into the wind by turning through 45 degrees. When passing directly into the wind, the leeboard is rotated backward and the mast kept vertical as the boat turns through

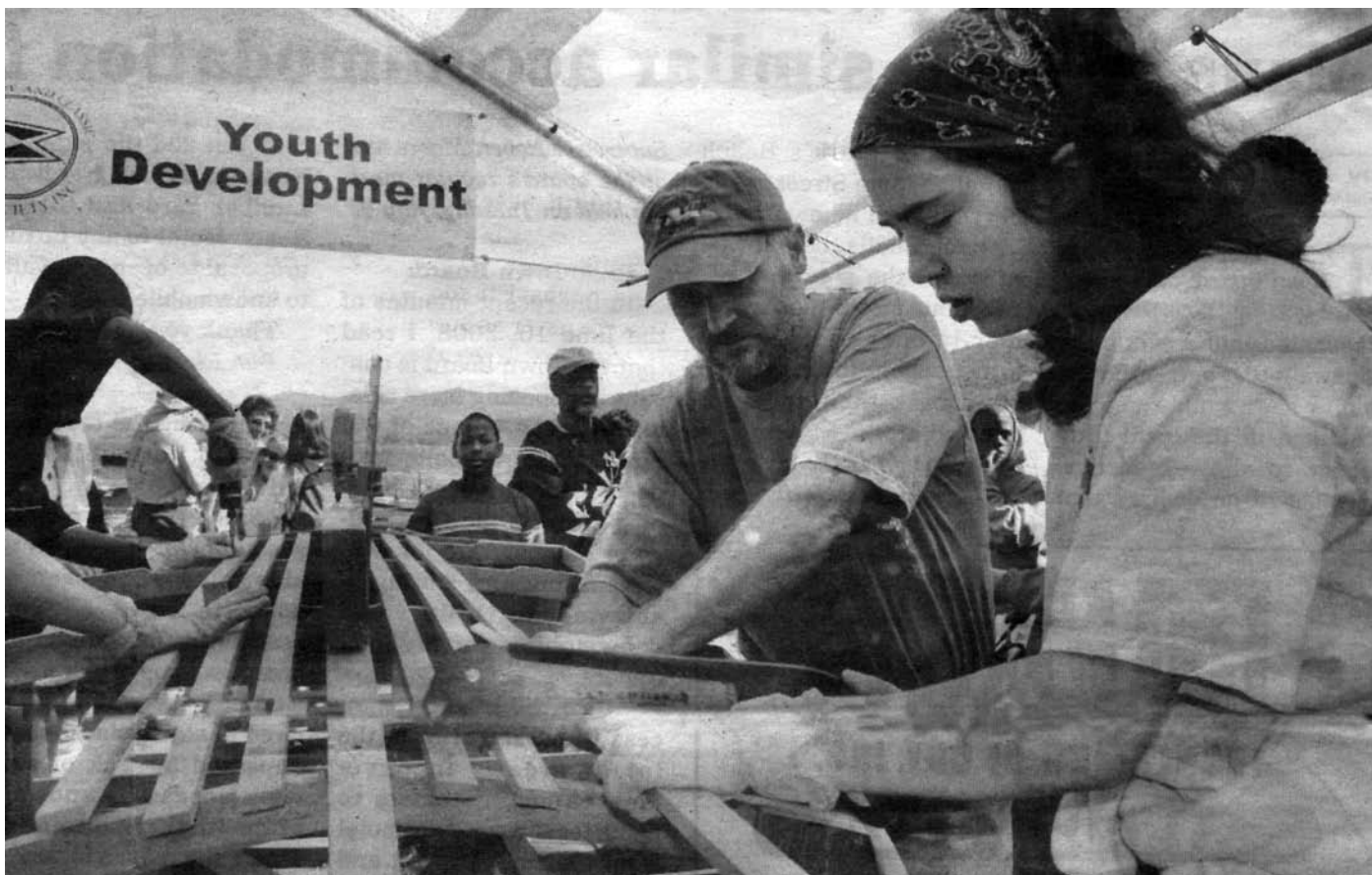
A Concept Sailing Kayak

By Dan Reiber

an additional 45 degrees to complete the 90° turn. Then the position of the leeboard is reset for a straight course. Body weight is shifted as needed. To steer away from the wind, the leeboard is rotated backward and the boat heeled the opposite way. When the boat is headed directly downwind the boom is pulled across to the opposite side.

Sailing Performance: I've been out sailing on a lake in wind speeds under ten knots. It goes upwind by tacking through 90 degrees as does a regular sailboat, and can be steered away from the wind into a gybe. In other words, I can steer zigzags upwind, and do circles, figure-eights, or straight lines. It is a hoot to sail. Great fun. I can even paddle if the wind dies.





It was a monumental day on Saturday, July 12, when the Adironduck, a boat built by 12 youths and a handful of volunteers, was launched for the first time at the lakefront as part of the 18th Annual Antique Boat Show in Old Forge, New York.

The building of the craft began when the Adirondack Chapter of the Antique and Classic Boat Society (ACBS) decided in September 2007 to start a youth development project. A boat kit was donated by James-Craft Marine and the kids began the assembly under a tent on the waterfront of Lake George. The finished boat would be a historically correct reproduction of a mid-1950s Chris-Craft, a gorgeous 10' racing pram.

According to Neil Satterly, who led the kids and volunteers, the building project ultimately required ten months of intense effort. But it was well worth it. He said, "We have not only a completed boat, we also have a group of kids and volunteers who have learned a lot about boats and their abilities to create something beautiful and functional." Following the launching the kids will learn about boating in the Adirondacks.

The kids involved in the boat-building project were from the Albany area and ranged in age from 12 to 18. Some were part of the Diversity Program of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation which was designed to give outdoor experiences to youth of various ethnic and economic backgrounds. "These experiences will last a lifetime," Satterly said.

The Adironduck kit was produced and donated to the Adirondack Chapter by James-Craft Boats Inc. The kit features pre-fabricated side and bottom frames, rough-cut sides and mahogany decking, fasteners, fiberglass materials, and instructions. There is quite a bit of room for creative touches to per-



Master Class Building Adironduck

By Jay Lawson
Reprinted from *The Weekly Adirondack*
Submitted by Victor Pennes

sonalize each boat. It's certainly more than a "paint-by-numbers" project. There's quite a bit to it and everyone learned a lot.

First day construction was done under the guidance of the James-Craft Marine staff. Afterward, award-winning restorer/boat builder Scott Dorner, owner of Rock City Restorations, volunteered time and instructions to the youth throughout the winter and spring.

The fiberglassing and painting was led by volunteer Dave Japikse whose knowledge of the techniques comes from building competitive sailboats.

The vintage steering wheel was purchased on eBay and comes from a mid-'50s outboard race boat. The totally restored 1956 Mercury Mark 25, 20hp, was a popular racing engine of the period and the throttle and gear shift controls are of the same vintage. Even the gas can is a Mercury of the mid-'50s. All are restored to like-new condition and fitted by volunteer Val DeCesare, who is a restorer and collector specializing in '50s Mercury engines. Val is also a member of the Hudson-Mohawk Antique Outboard Motor Club.

The Adirondack Chapter plans to use the 'Duck to introduce youth to classic wooden boats and boating safety. "We are fully committed to youth learning about safety and responsibility on and around the water," said Satterly. In April all youth working on the project were required to take the NYS Boater Safety training class at the shop. The course is an eight hour training followed by a NYS examination. Passing the exam was a requirement for anyone wanting to operate the 'Duck. The course was offered free of charge by Dave Japikse.

"The size of the 'Duck made the Old Forge Pond an ideal site for her first time out," said Satterly. "The July 12 launch was a very proud day for all of us involved in the project. Hopefully it will be the beginning of a longer term program for youth to learn about vintage boats, develop boat building skills, boating safety, and life-long connections to being outdoors in the Adirondacks."



Big House Little Boat

By Gary R. Snodgrass

I thought I would share with fellow *MAIB* readers the model project that was mentioned in the August 1, 2007 issue. The accompanying photos show the 1/10 scale model of Weston Farmer's Poor Richard hull design, his Roamer variation, and is 25" overall.

I named my model *Bay Flacon* since this vest pocket cruiser's "cap" also comes off to reveal, beginning at forepeak, coils of lines p&s, chain in bucket, Danforth anchor, hinged table, hinged berth to reveal netting underneath. Cabin sole panels are cherry stripped onto plywood, all are removable for bilge inspection and battery access p&s beside engine box, which lifts off to reveal scaled 20hp Kubota diesel. Cockpit features engine instruments in their own cabinet, 37 piece ship's wheel of walnut and blood wood, cherry coamings. Centerline and p&s floor panels lift out to reveal wheel shaft, wet exhaust hose, fuel lines p&s. Port bench locker holds fenders and starboard locker holds life jacket. Tiller for sitting helm or emergency use stores in centerline box.

This first-time builder's modifications are the addition of clamshell forehatch for ground tackle handling, deck camber, rear deck for p&s diesel tanks and water lift muffler for Kubota's wet exhaust. Except for fuel caps and exhaust stub, model is non-metal. I wanted to make the model as authentic as is possible considering this institution's lack of woodworking program and so *Bay Flacon* is a total improv endeavor. Even so I did well to substitute woods on hand for woods recommended by Westy: poplar with its greenish tint for white oak, poplar sapwood for white cedar, red alder for fir, watercolored poplar for the white ash cabin sides frame bands, cherry used for cabin bulkhead, cockpit coamings. All paints and finishes are improvised, water based (yikes!) and thanks to *WoodenBoat* Issue #198, I feel I did the paint scheme and boot top pretty well.

Without this fine grass roots magazine, I wouldn't have been inspired by Westy's Poor Richard article and an article entitled "Why Not."

Gary Snodgrass, C-50459, Box 689, ED 82, Soledad, CA 91960-0689





Baggywrinkle in the reeds with Peter's Drascombe.

A little dinghy with a camping cover slung over her boom, lying in a secluded anchorage, waiting for the fair tide to continue her journey. That is the way most people imagine a cruising dinghy. But there is no rule that says one must sleep aboard the dinghy on a cruise. Some people take a small tent and camp ashore each night, and this is a good way to start dinghy cruising while still acquiring all the gear to sleep afloat. If one is reluctant to sleep under canvas but still wants to cruise from place to place, there are enough little B&Bs dotted around the coastline to make sleeping ashore in a real bed each night a perfectly practical proposition.

Eventually, though, most people gravitate towards sleeping aboard the boat so that they can be truly independent of the shore. Then if the tide turns foul before rounding an important headland, or the seas have grown fearfully steep, or just because one is in need of a rest, one can sail into a convenient cove and anchor to wait for fair weather without worrying about having to get ashore to eat and sleep.

There are many patterns of boat tent and mine is one of the simplest, a simple cotton ridge tent thrown over the boom and yard, held down all round by loops of shock cord taken to lacing hooks a few inches below the gunwale. The tent is made in two pieces so that it can be opened from the centre to get in and out. I lay out my sleeping bag in the stern, so I find it easier to step into the boat amidships rather than trample over my bedding by climbing in over the transom. I can also roll the cover open at the stern so that when I am lying afloat on a warm evening I can lounge on my comfy cushions and enjoy the view, sheltered from the wind.

Cotton may seem a retrograde material in these days of high-tech synthetics, but a boat

The Seagoing Dinghy

Part 3

By Roger Barnes

Roger Barnes' thoughts on dinghy cruising and the right sort of boat for the job, written at the time he sailed his 12' Tideway *Baggywrinkle*. This is the third of a series of three articles, hitherto unpublished.

Reprinted from the *DCA Bulletin*, Dinghy Cruising Association (UK) Newsletter Summer 2008

tent can only have a single skin and condensation is far more of a problem than one would imagine as a damp mist often settles down over the sea at dusk. Unlike most synthetics, cotton has a wonderful ability to breathe and it does not flap about in the breeze in an annoying manner. Be careful about the colour of the cover though. I once had one of thick blue canvas and breakfasts were sad and gloomy. But now my mornings are always happy as I have a pale brown cover and the day outside always seems bright and sunny until I open the flaps and find out otherwise.

To set up my cover I set the boom and yard at a height that allows for sitting headroom under the boom, one end is supported by the throat halyard and the other end by a stout pair of crutches, and then the cover is flung over the top. It is so designed that when it is open in the centre, I can ship the oars and row without taking the rest of the cover down, which is very useful if we have to shift our anchorage in the middle of the night.

In larger dinghies it is often possible to sleep on the floor boards either side of the centreboard case, but on *Baggywrinkle* I sleep at thwart level. A bed is created by lift-

ing the floor boards to fill the gap between the rowing thwart and the stern seats. The floor boards rest on a set of specially-made wooden supports which bridge the gap between the seats. The supports are so arranged so that if I am alone I need only lift one floor board and then I can sit comfortably on my bed, with my legs in the well on the other side.

At first I used lilos to sleep on, but inflating them in a small boat is like wrestling with a bouncy castle so now I use those wonderfully convenient self-inflating mattresses from Therm-a-rest. I simply unroll the mattress, lay out my sleeping bag on top, and then leave it to do its stuff. My bag has a synthetic filling rather than down as everything aboard a small boat inevitably gets damp and down bags lose their insulating capabilities when wet.

A wealth of suitable cooking equipment can be obtained from outdoor shops. Petrol or paraffin stoves are still the most efficient, particularly in the wind and the cold. Recently, however, I have changed to a gas stove as I inevitably end up cooking under the cover and I began to worry about the flare-ups which inevitably go with liquid-fuelled stoves. My new stove is an alpine type with a pre-heater for cold weather and a burner that sits very close to the ground for stability. The gas cylinder is attached to the burner by a pipe. As the control knob is mounted on top of the cylinder, rather than on the burner unit, I do not need to reach under a hot pan to adjust the flame and the risk of slopping scalding water all over my hands is reduced.

I store my food and cooking gear in a pair of specially made plywood sea chests which fit snugly under the rowing thwart on each side of the centreboard case. They have lift-off lids with deep skirts and keep the

water out simply and efficiently. One of the lids can be turned over to form a tray for the gas stove. The legs of the stove locate into hooks in the tray and three tent pegs drop into drilled holes to stop the pan sliding off.

When the camping cover is up and I am hard at work preparing my evening meal with every horizontal surface covered in plates and pans, I don't want to discover that the anchor is dragging. *Baggywrinkle's* bower is a hefty 10lb (4.5kg) plough anchor which is shackled to a fathom of chain (2m) and 100' (30m) of nylon warp. This setup may seem rather beefy for a 12-footer but it ensures that she stays well hooked up to the sea bed. She also carries a light 3lb kedge (1.4kg) on another 100' warp so that I don't need to get out the big brute for a short lunch stop. If I need to lay out an anchor when aground the kedge is the one I try to walk over the soft mud with.

There are many occasions when it is useful to have two anchors on board. If I am overnighing in a narrow creek, for instance, and want the boat to stay in the deepwater channel rather than drying out on the sloping mud to each side, an anchor laid out bow and stern will hold her in position. I stow my anchors on the floor boards either side of the mast step and coil the main anchor warp into a plastic bucket (which also doubles as a toilet). The anchor warp is marked every five metres so that I can be sure she is lying to the correct scope.

After a long day in the dinghy it is nice to be able to land and stretch my legs. If high

water is in the evening I can usually carry the flood tide right up a secluded creek and then spend the night comfortably aground. Getting ashore is then a simple matter of stepping over the side when she has dried out. If it is low water in the evening, it is more difficult to have a run ashore. By the time the crew come back from the pub the tide will be in and the boat will be far away from the water's edge. For these occasions I carry a little inflatable tender in the stern locker. People laugh at the idea of a tender for a 12' dinghy, especially when they see that it is a brightly coloured plastic toy only big enough for one. But a cruising dinghy is rarely anchored in more than a few feet of water and my cheap tender is perfectly adequate for the purpose.

When loading her for a cruise it is best to stow the heaviest gear amidships and lighter stuff towards the bow and stern. In my boat I put two water carriers alongside the sea chests on either side of the centreboard case. In the stern locker go the spare warps, flares, the tool kit and the tender, together with nibbles for underway. A couple of comfy cushions are kept under the foredeck, together with the waterproofs and any outer clothes discarded while sailing. The stowage of sleeping gear and spare clothing varies, depending on whether one or two of us are onboard, but most of it gets stuffed into two big waterproof bags stowed under each end of the main thwart. Lashed down low, these serve as extra buoyancy in the event of a swamping. The camping cover stows just forward of the

mast and the self-inflating mattress, or mattresses, are lashed on the stern deck.

Crewing my Tideway can be wet work in a steep sea. To keep my crew dry, a few years ago I designed a small canvas dodger which fits snugly over the foredeck wash board. It is not fastened to the mast but held up by its own little tent pole so that it does not obstruct the gaff and yard jaws when the sail is lowered down into the boat. To the great disappointment of my crew, the dodger failed to be effective for its intended purpose but it has proved to be very good at protecting any gear stowed under the foredeck from rain or spray and it also keeps some water from coming into the boat in heavy weather, so it has earned its place on board.

There is something very satisfying in setting out on a coastal passage in a little dinghy, knowing that she is well geared up for a number of days away. I have the same satisfaction of making the best use of the wind and tide and of bringing her safely to a haven at the end of the day as the owner of any larger vessel. And there is no prouder view than the sight of my own little boat lying quietly at anchor, safe and secure after a long day at sea.

For more information about the DCA


Membership Secretary: Tony Nield
40 Grange Ave, Cheadle Hulme, Cheadle,
Cheshire UK SK85JP
United Kingdom
www.dca.uk.com

At Roscanvel, Rade de Brest, with John Perry's Grey Boat.



In a creek on the Golfe de Morbihan, 2003.





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Dixi Dinghy

LOA 8'0" – Beam 4'2" – Draft 5"/1'9"
Hull Weight 48lbs
Stitch and Glue Plywood
Free-Standing Cat Rig
Excellent First Time Project

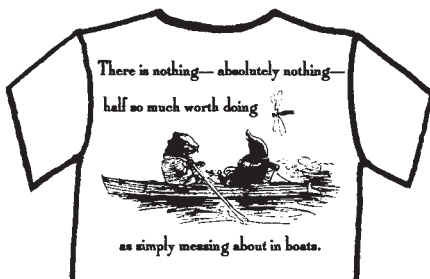


Argie 10

LOA 10'0" – Beam 4'5" – Draft 5"/1'10"
Hull Weight 64lbs
Stitch and Glue Plywood
Free-Standing Cat Rig
Excellent First Time Project



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Out of Africa

Dudley Dix Yacht Design was based in Cape Town, South Africa, before moving to Virginia in 2004. In Capetown our home waters were among the most hostile in the world, with few harbours and even fewer natural havens. Cape Town is close to the southern tip of Africa, 35 miles from the Cape of Good Hope, one of the "Great Capes" of the world. From our marina we sailed straight into the wide South Atlantic Ocean. The ocean swell that reaches there comes right out of the Southern Ocean, generated by the endless weather systems that pass between Africa and Antarctica.

These conditions breed a healthy respect for the sea and produce hardy boats and sailors. They sometimes sail in extreme conditions seldom found in most other parts of the world. As a result, South African yachts are recognized internationally for being very capable ocean going craft.

Dudley Dix is an experienced offshore sailor with many miles of coastal racing and cruising as well as four trans-Atlantic voyages. His wood designs all draw on the personal hands-on boat building experience from building three plywood offshore yachts and a bunch of smaller plywood boats.

All of our plywood designs have been extensively detailed so that they are suitable for amateur or professional builders. Amateurs have produced beautiful examples of most of our plywood designs. Our cold moulded wood designs are not as extensively detailed and are intended more for professional builders.

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Plywood dinghies and canoes, all using the stitch and glue method, also known as stitch and tape

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The Didi range of radius chine plywood boats. These allow amateurs to produce rounded hull shapes using sheet material and are generally fast cruisers or racers.

Cold moulded round bilge cruisers.

The designs shown here are the smaller sizes of most interest to *MAIB* readers. For details on larger designs go to dixdesign.com or write Dudley Dix Yacht Design, Inc, 1340-1272 N Great Neck Rd #343, Virginia Beach, VA 23454.



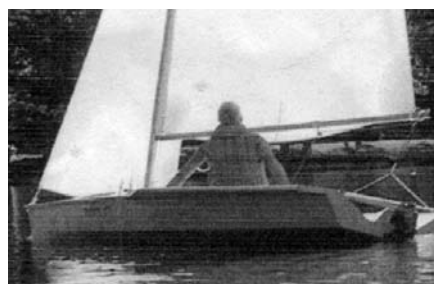
Argie 15

LOA 15' 5" – Beam 6' 0" – Draft 5"/2'8"
Hull Weight 132lbs
Stitch and Glue Plywood
Sloop Rig
Excellent First Time Project



Challenger 13

LOA 13'1" – Beam 5'3" – Draft 6"/2'8"
Hull Weight 220lbs
Lapstrake Plywood
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Suitable for More Experienced Builders



Paper Jet 14

LOA 13'5" – Beam 5'4" – Draft 5"/2'8"
Hull Weight 100lbs
Stitch and Glue Plywood
Sloop Rig
High Performance Trainer with Three Rigs



Lynnhaven 16

LOA 15'5" – Beam 3'0"
Hull Weight 45-70lbs
Stitch and Glue Plywood
Excellent First Time Project



Cape Cutter 19

LOD 19' 0" – Beam 7'3" – Draft 1'6"/4'0"
Hull Weight 1,918lbs
Lapstrake Plywood Gaff Cutter

An Improved Bouncer

By Thomas Clapham

Reprinted from *The Rudder*, March 1903

Many readers of your unequalled yachting magazine have asked me to describe the Bouncer type of boat, and with your kind permission I will again endeavor to do so.

The first Bouncer (so named) was designed and built by me to demonstrate how foolish and unfair was the simple waterline measurement for time allowance, and to show how under that rule a large boat could be sailed in a race against a much smaller one without having to pay for her greater size and power.

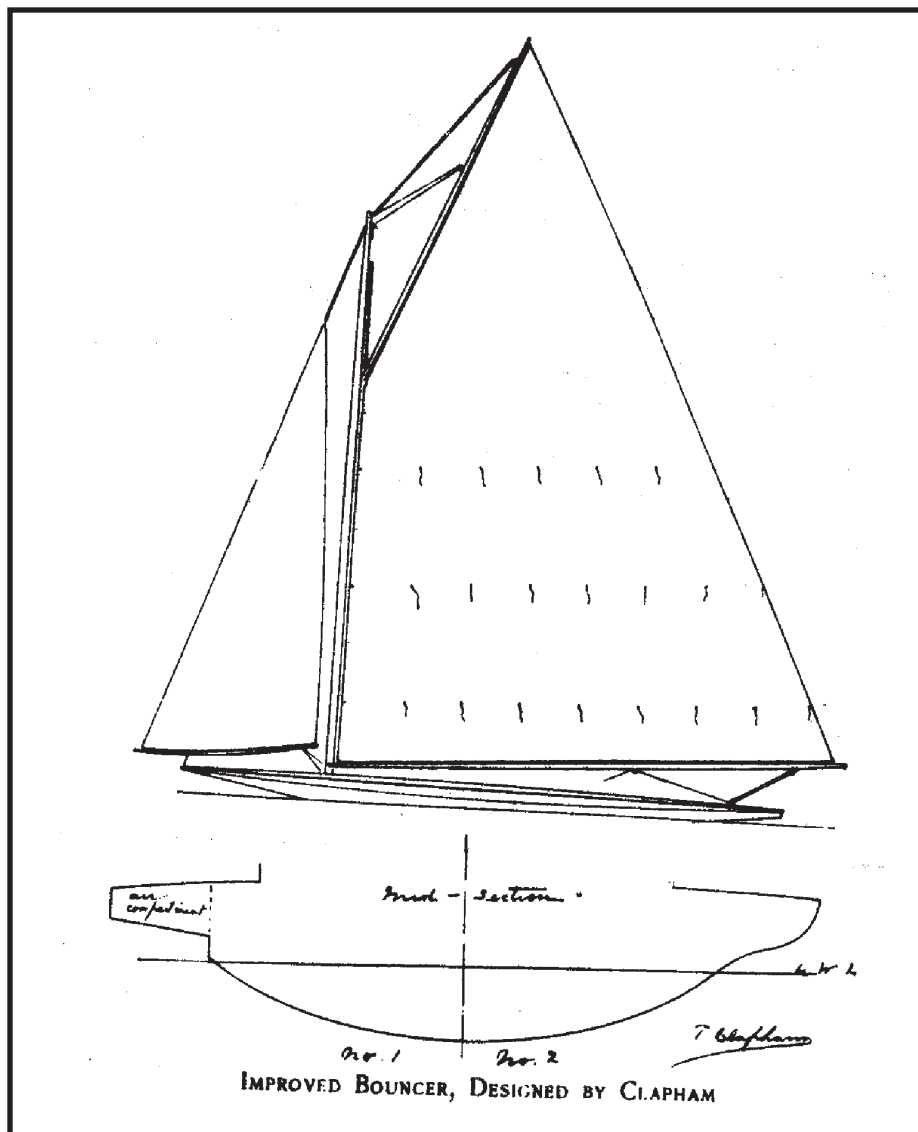
The yachtsmen of ten or 12 years ago will doubtless recall how well the Bouncer proved the folly of the rule mentioned, and incidentally demonstrated that full convex waterlines were speedier than the so-called fine, hollow lines that were commonly in use until her advent. While the Bouncer was being built, and until she had several times distanced everything she sailed against, every boating man who saw her ridiculed both her and her designer. Then came a change. Those who had sneered began to copy so that it is quite within bounds to say that there are now scarce any racing yachts or sailboats of note that do not in their shape clearly show Botincher lines.

The Bouncer method, or principle, for designing boats consists in the use only of fair segments of circles in all the longitudinal curves of a boat's bottom from her entrance to her clearance with no regard whatever to the resulting shape of the waterline itself.

On this principle can be built, and are often built, "round bilge" boats and boats with angular bilges, also boats that are perfectly flat-bottomed in cross-section. I do not desire to irritate my clever compatriots who have paid me the compliment of copying my methods when desiring to "design" a fast boat, but in this connection will again state that a certain sharp Canadian procured from me a Bouncer design, still unpaid for, and with its aid won the Seawanhaka Cup which, through his continued sharpness, has been long retained.

Herewith the readers of *The Rudder* will find the lines of a new kind of Bouncer which illustrate in another way the utter foolishness of the latest measurement rules.

My object in giving this boat lateral overhangs above the water level is to permit her to heel easily in a light breeze yet gain great stiffness as the wind increases in force and the boat sails on her true bearings.

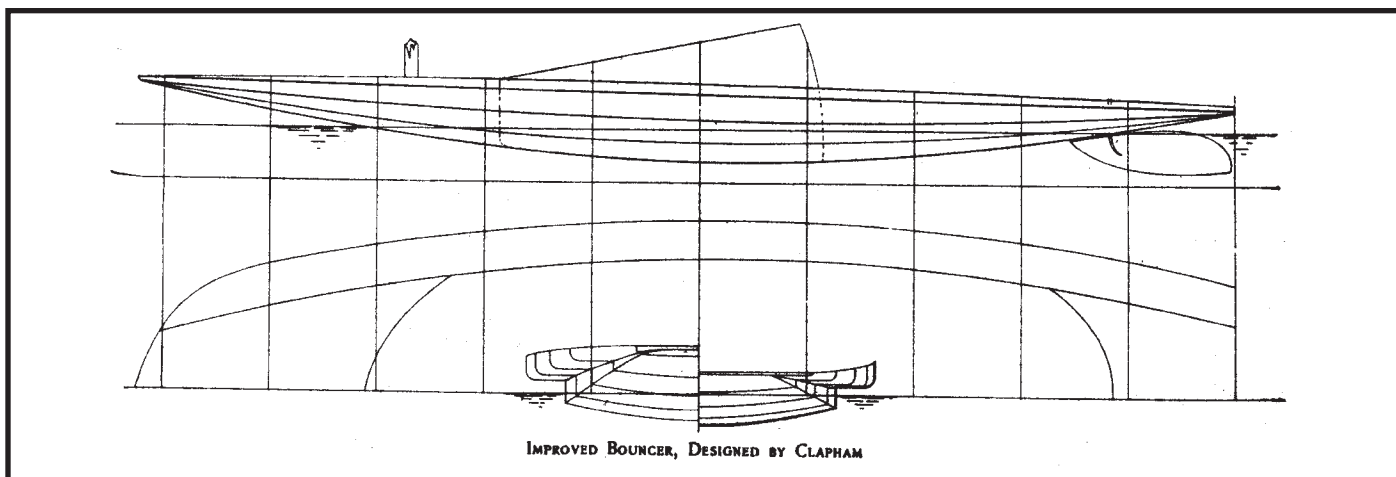


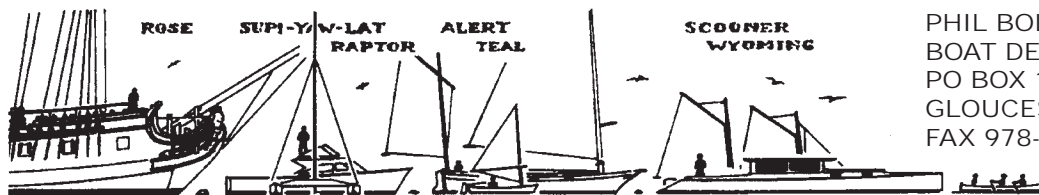
Remove 20 tons of weight from the *Columbia's* keel, hip her out laterally as shown, reduce her sail area and spars, and she will be much speedier than she has yet been.

This new model can bring that cup back from Canada if the sharp Canadian aforesaid does not appropriate the idea. As some of your readers may not understand what is meant by the suggested advantage to be gained by "heeling easily in a light breeze," etc, I will explain by saying it is a well-known fact that

all boats sail faster when heeled slightly, close-hauled, than when standing upright.

The lines shown herewith are those of the original Bouncer, built in 1890, except as to the lateral overhangs. Mid-sections 1 and 2 show some of the many shapes possible under the lateral overhang method. The new model is not now a mere untried theory as I sailed a boat of the kind all last summer and found nothing of her size with equal speed.





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1349

We wrote up this design in *MAIB* Vol 25 – No 12, November 1, 2007. It had originally been drawn in preliminary form for my series in the *Small Boat Journal* and reprinted in my book *Boats with an Open Mind* (International Marine McGraw-Hill 1994).

Later I made working plans and several people started to build them but we did not hear of any of them completed and sailed. The *MAIB* article described how we modified those plans with more freeboard. I had drawn it with lower sides than the Herreshoff boat, thinking to make it prettier as compensation for the harshness of the plywood hull. I had made the cockpit coaming higher to compensate and I don't think the boats built with the lower sides will suffer, but the one that commissioned the higher freeboard was going to be sailed on Narragansett Bay where there's apt to be plenty of wind. This latest version is higher than the Herreshoff to the top of the coaming.

The immediate customer for it was Gerard Schwab, who sails her out of Wickford, Rhode Island. We sent him the modified plans in September 2007. He was working full-time as night pharmacist for several hospitals, which is hardly a sinecure, but at the end of August 2008 he sent us photos of a completed boat and, not long after, photos under sail and an invitation to come and sail her.

Bolger on Design

Update on the Plywood 12½ Design # 628 Modified

LOA 16'2" – LWL 12'6"
Beam over Rub Moldings 6'0"
Draft 2'9" – Sail Area 150sf
Displacement 1500lbs

We've known full-time professionals to be slower and the workmanship looked professional. Gerard built and finished the hull and spars, cast the keel, and made the patterns for her bronze hardware while his son and friends welded up a custom trailer to fit his Jeep Wrangler. He expressed eagerness to share with other would-be builders his experience and insights into getting this project thought through and finished in short order. He was kind enough to share with us the ex-

pansions of her topsides and bilge panels as taken off his actual pieces on the shop floor, something we had never gotten around to do for this particular design.

We accepted his invitation for a sail and were not disappointed, his brother's patient service as a photo launch owner/operator was much appreciated. The boat was beautifully finished and to our biased eyes looked better than the Herreshoffs. The hard chine of the plywood hull looked crisp, not harsh, while the original can have a dowdy angle or two. The higher sides and coamings put the people relatively deeper in the boat which made her seem bigger. That day Narragansett Bay served up a good mix of sun and fresh breeze, performing well up to its reputation.

Gerard had changed the rig a little from the plans. He had approached Harding Sails of Marion, Massachusetts, about the rig and Harding had offered him a suit of sails made for a Herreshoff boat. I've never seen a Harding sail that did not look good to me but these are nice even by their standards. Gerard modified the spars to match the sails. The change was not obtrusive and we approve. In fact, it was close to the original concept study. It involved replacing the designed Solent lug mainsail with a jib-headed sail practically the same shape and changing the balanced-club jib with one set on a forestay to the stemhead.



Gerard knew of a small foundry which cast a neat bronze stemhead fitting, the goose-neck, and other small parts from his patterns. I think if I was getting one of these boats I would stay with the designed rig on account of the shorter mast and elimination of sail track and other expensive parts, but it's likely that she's closer-winded as she is. We are all interested in seeing various rigs, including a plain gaff-sloop, perform against others. The original 12½s started as gaff-sloops, in due time fashionably grew also Bermudian sloop rigs, but came to race all in the same group as differences appeared too hard to discern as to warrant separation for racing!

There can be no complaints about the sailing of this "Plywood 12½"! She feels fast with crisp handling and surprising balance on all points of sailing. Close-hauled and off to a broad reach she sails with tiller close to fore-and-aft but with firm pressure on it to spring to leeward and round up when you let it go. It's a perfect illustration of the distinction between a weather helm, by which we mean having to sail with the rudder at an angle to the boat centerline, and a firm helm with the rudder in line with the keel but with pressure showing that it is working as part of her lateral plane resisting leeway. This applies when sailing with rail down at top speed with a rolling wake and upright in a zephyr. We look forward to hearing how she fares when she encounters Herreshoff boats, or Bullseyes, or Doughdishes... (We're still waiting for a trial of a Bobcat, our plywood version of the Beetlecat, against the original boats. That's another one that is a great pleasure to sail.)

She readily performed my favorite test of all-around handling: I start the sheets a little and put the tiller over against the lee coaming. A good boat will tack, bear away, jibe, round up and go around and around indefinitely without touching a line or moving the tiller. It's a test of control and reliable acceleration. This three-quarter-ton 16-footer can always be counted on to maintain momentum through stays or approaching the up-wind mooring. But built with massive buoyancy in her ends she is safer indeed than the decidedly sinkable originals.

The settees are 6' 10" long. It wouldn't be hard to give her a boom tent and fly-screens to have a dry night for two in some anchorage. She looks deep-draft but it's actually less than 3', giving her a wide choice of havens along many shorelines. We proposed to Gerard a circumnavigation of Narragansett Bay, racing what ever she encounters and ambling along when the mood and the weather coincide, another form of "beach-cruising" in an open boat, just without the sand...

This design was originally sold as a trainer for the juniors of yacht clubs whose senior members raced in bigger boats with similar characteristics. At one time fleets of them were keenly raced, often with a paid professional to advise the boy or girl who held the tiller. They still do race in some places. But any sailing of them now, even when nominally competitive, tends to be relaxed. They don't depend on strenuous action or even close attention beyond ordinary looking where you're going. You can sit down with back support and legs down and stay put while your seat is on the weather or lee side at any given time. You can look at the scenery or other boats or pursue pleasant conversation with a friend or two or three. This low to the waterline the sense of speed and the

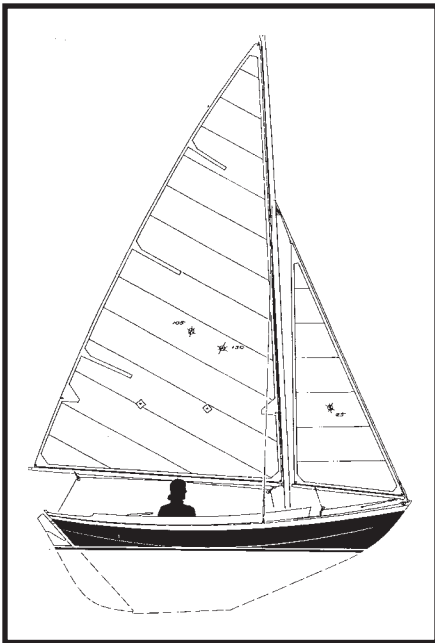
boat's responsiveness is heightened. Now and then one may note how elegantly the boat is almost sailing herself and how she rewards attention with spirited behavior.

Gerard is well seasoned in the arts and mania of planing and even pitch-poling 420s in the middle of Narragansett Bay or just rolling a lean kayak at will. But he chose this 12½ to be comfortable, relaxing, dry, and yet rewarding, whether alone or with

four in her deep cockpit right amidships. He emphasized repeatedly that she did everything he wanted of her, feeling like a much larger type, a boat on which to grow old and keep sailing in dignity.

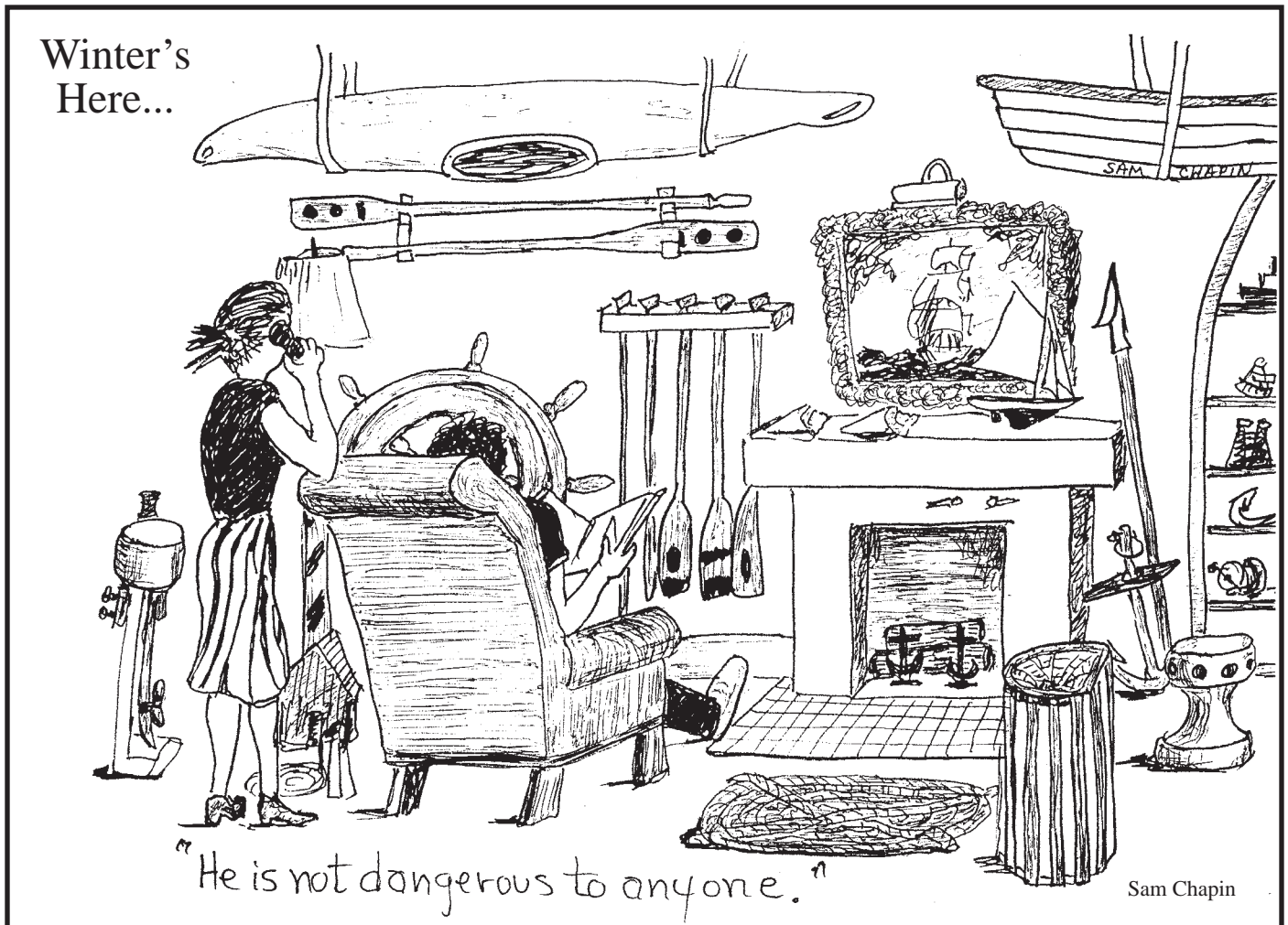
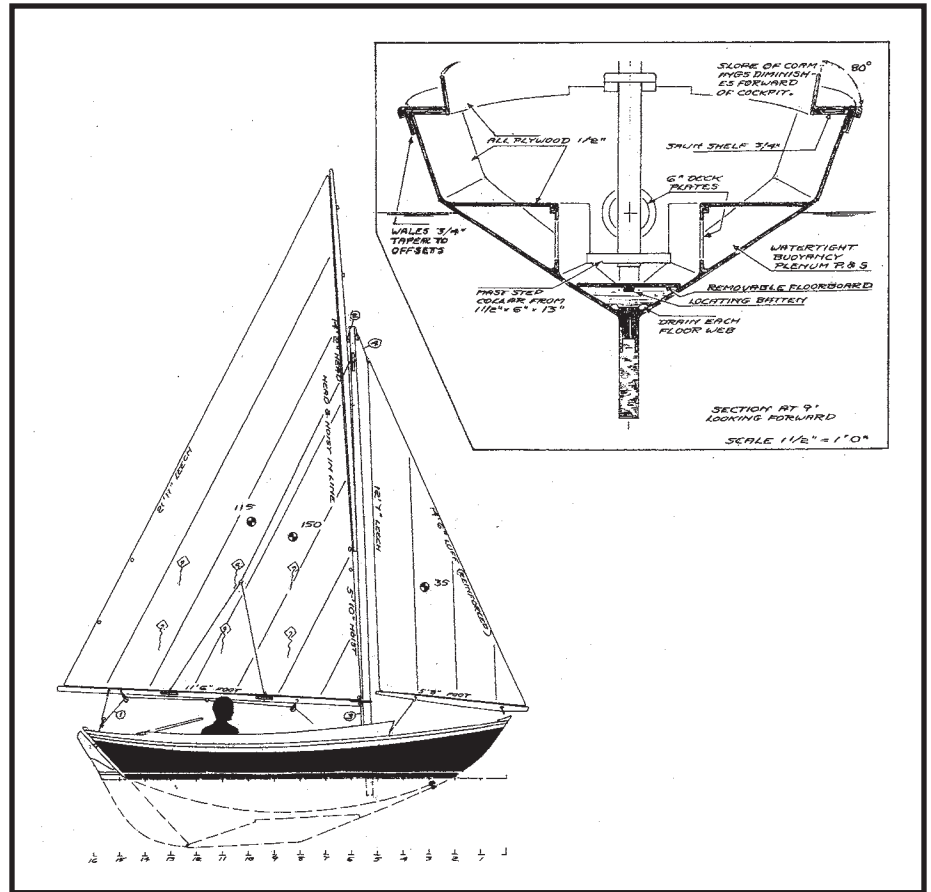
Plans of the Plywood 12½, our Design #628, are available for \$100 to build one boat, sent priority mail, or air mail outside the US, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.





Above: The original concept study of the plywood 12½.

Right: Revised 12½ design showing higher freeboard.



From the Lee Rail

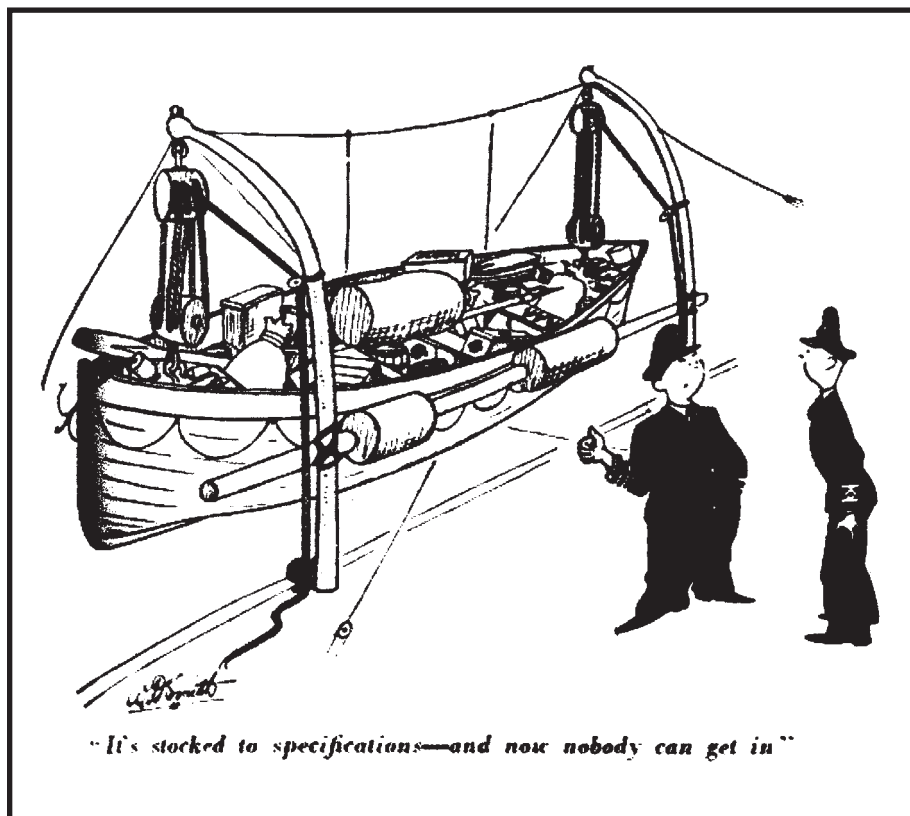
By C. Henry Depew

On the cover of the January 1984 issue of the *Proceedings of the Marine Safety Council* is an illustration showing a boat loaded with gear and a caption that reads, "It's stocked to specifications and now nobody can get in." Variations on that theme have appeared from time to time in boating publications but total weight/displacement of a boat is an important consideration with the use of that boat. There is the "dead weight" of the boat (ie, its actual weight) and the "live load" that the boat is designed to carry (weight limit placard).

All this came to mind as I was unloading *Hirado* for approaching Hurricane Gustav (which went elsewhere). My usual procedure is to unload it and then add the extra "hurricane ties." Once again, the boat had more stuff on it than one would expect. There is the required safety gear, the tools and repair items usually carried, and then there is the "rest of the stuff." Unloading the boat as part of the hurricane/tropical storm preparation is also the time to consider what goes back on the boat when the threat has passed.

The extra stuff accumulates to become extra weight that has to be moved by the engine or the sails. Everything extra decreases the performance (read fuel consumed) a little bit and a lot of stuff reduces performance a lot. Racing sailors know that extra weight on the boat decreases the performance. They will go to extremes to remove weight from the boat for a race.

A friend built a Fireball out of wood to decrease the weight of the boat while retaining maximum strength. When he was done and weighed the boat he found it was over the minimum allowed weight. He went back and carefully cut holes in all the places possible to remove weight while not reducing strength. When he was done the boat's weight was close to the minimum of the class rules. My wife and I bought the boat and raced it for a couple of seasons. We were not good enough Fireball sailors to maximize the speed possible from the builder's weight reduction program, but the boat was easy to get on and off the trailer compared to the other Fireballs in the area.

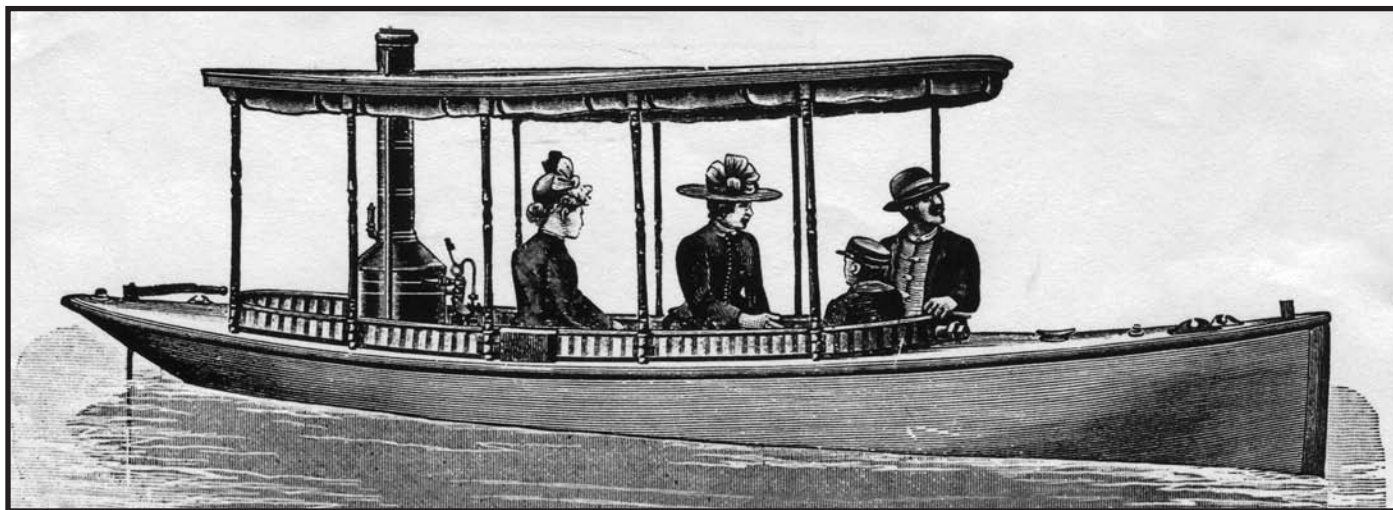


While most monohull power/sailboats are more forgiving of added weight, a multi-hull or planing hull boat will respond to weight changes immediately. Our Wharram catamaran had a defined weight limit, and when we exceeded that limit the performance fell off noticeably. Our 16' I/O also had a response to extra weight in terms of getting it up on a plane. On the other hand, an extra cooler of beer and bag of ice on the Ranger 26 did not seem to slow the boat down at all. Of course, the Ranger 26 had a larger load capacity than the Wharram or the I/O and we had already had the Ranger in "racing trim" before adding the beer and ice.

In addition to displacement (total weight) there is the trim of the boat to consider when storing the gear. The naval architect conceived a set of "lines" for the boat when both at rest and underway. Changes in weight distribution will affect these lines and the boat's performance. Where you put the "extra stuff" can af-

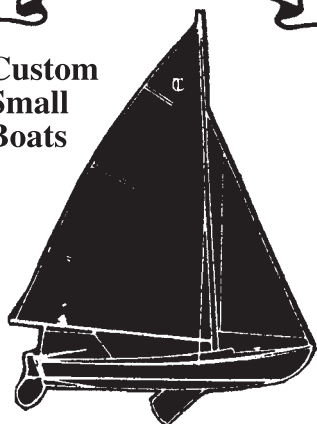
fect the way the boat performs on the water. If the boat does not "sit on its lines" when at rest there is a good chance it will not perform as expected when underway. Some people put in extra storage tanks to increase the range of their power boat without regard to the reality that fuel is weight. If you add a 15gal saddle tank you have added a little over 92 pounds to the boat when the tank is full. If it is a Diesel tank you have added about 107 pounds of weight with a full tank. If you install a 10gal fresh water tank you have added 80 pounds to the boat's trim when the tank is full.

One gallon of gasoline weighs about 6.15 pounds. One gallon of diesel fuel weighs about 7.15 pounds. One gallon of water weighs about 80 pounds. The reason for these comments is to introduce the idea of weight on your boat and what it does to the sailing performance and/or fuel consumption. Other than safety, first aid, and related items, you need to ask yourself, "why is this on the boat?"



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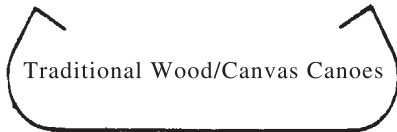
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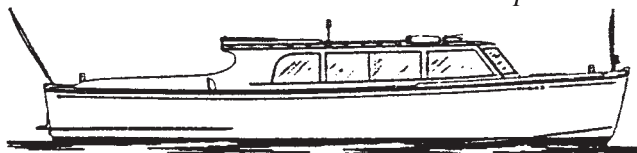


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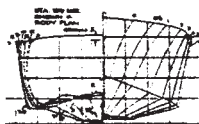
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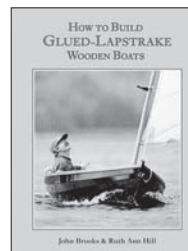
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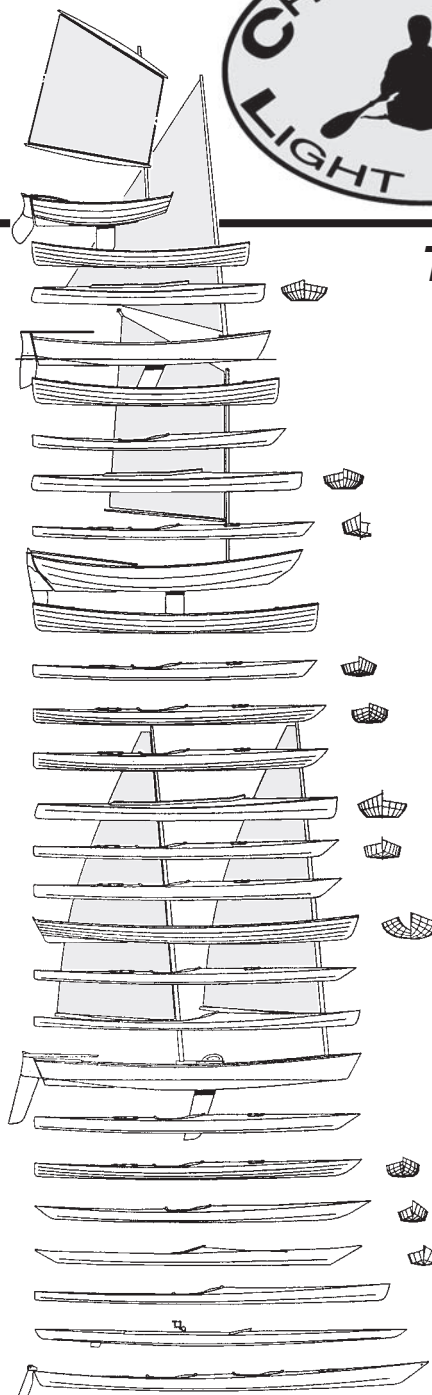
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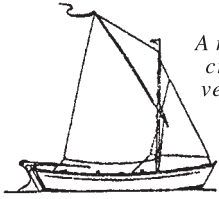
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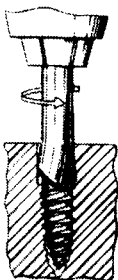
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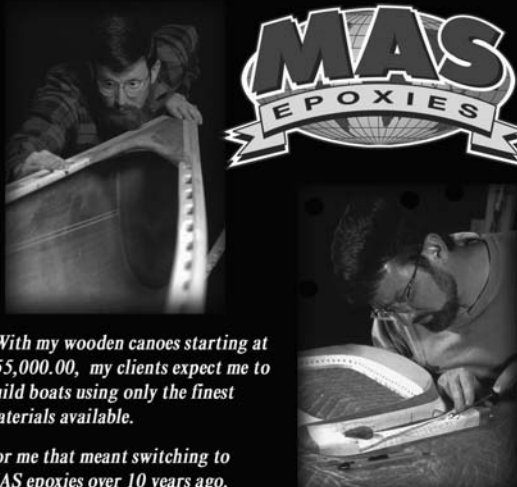
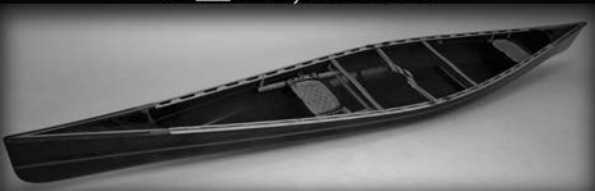
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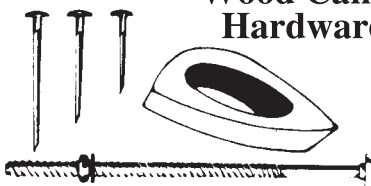
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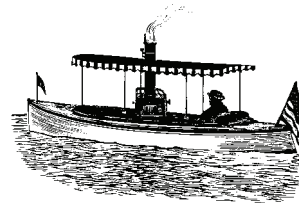
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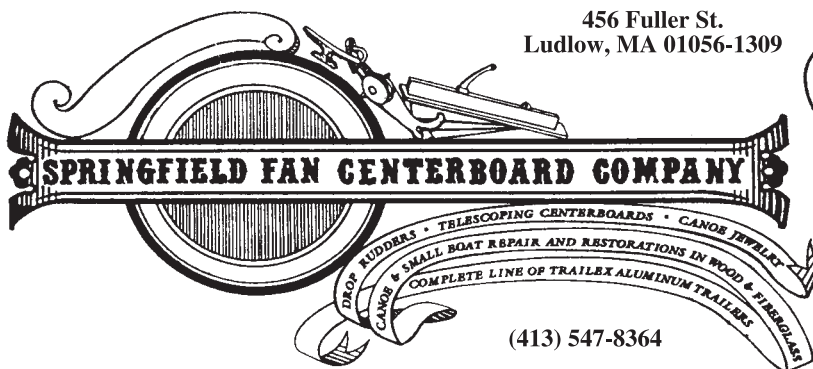
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13' Jimmy Skiff, from Chesapeake Light Craft. View specs at www.clcboats.com for compl info. Boat compl w/4hp 2-stroke Mercury '95, oars, anchor, boat cushions (2), battery powered running lights, mooring lines & bilge pump. Boat was CLCs prototype that I finished off. No trlr. In gd shape. I am reducing fleet count. \$900 FIRM. Long Island, NY. (10) GENE GIFFORDS, E. Islip, NY (631) 206-1261, gene3521@hotmail.com (1)

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Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.

16' Point Jude Sloop, '78, vy gd cond. Trlr incl. \$1,300. Photos available. BOB HAGER, Agawam, MA, (413) 786-7243, bobhager4@netzero.net (1)



24' Stone Horse Sloop, by S.S. Crocker '30s, built by Edey & Duff '75. FG hull, drk green w/Airex core. 12hp Westerbeke Diesel. Spars, boomkin & bowsprit, toe rail, cap rail & tiller: spruce, oak & teak varnished. Sails: tanbark '02-'06. Rigging: standing ss, running Dacron. Fully equipped for cruising: knotmeter, depthsounder, VHF radio w/lead to masthead antenna. Easily handled by 1, comfortable for 2. Owner for 20 yrs states: I am persuaded that it is the ideal sailboat for these waters, not too small for a coastal cruise, not too large to discourage one from a 2-hr afternoon sail. Stiff in a breeze, reasonably quick in every wind stronger than a zephyr, shallow of draft enough of forgive an occasional error in navigation and with its tanbark sails and varnished wooden spars is one of the prettiest boats on the coast." \$20,900. PETE McGLAMERY, Vinalhaven, ME, (207) 863-2070, pfmclamery@mac.com (12)

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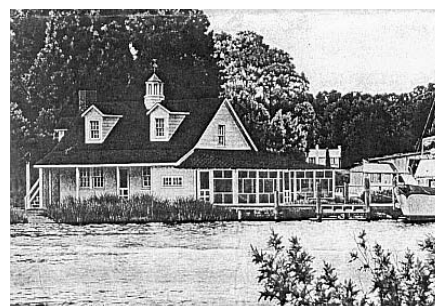
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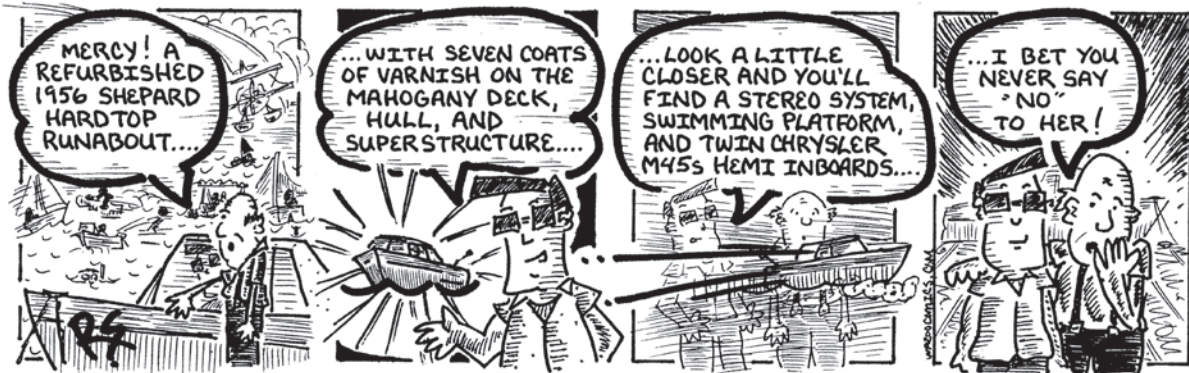
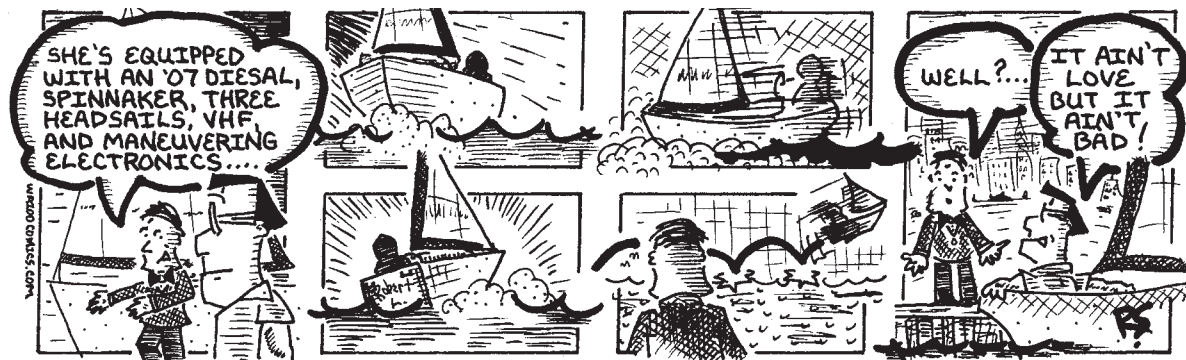
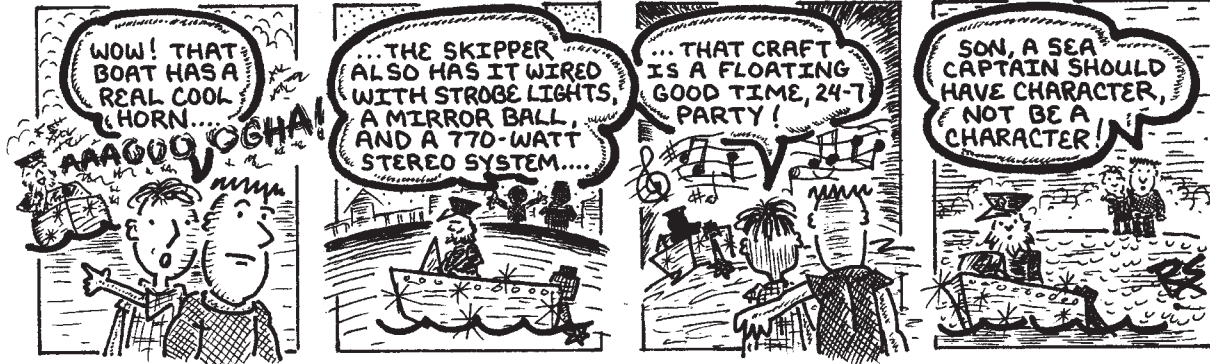


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